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The New REPUBLIC

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The Week

IN ITS military aspects, the advantage in the Spanish war lay slightly with the rebels during the week ending October 13. Overshadowing the military movements was the threat by Soviet Russia that if Italy, Germany and Portugal did not cease aiding the rebels, the U.S.S.R. would consider the neutrality pact at an end. . . . The Austrian Chancellor, Kurt Schuschnigg, moved against Prince Ernst von Starhemberg and the Heimwehr, and made himself virtually dictator. . . . The Chinese government continued to fight for time before replying to the new Japanese demands which, it is universally believed, embody the aim to bring practically all of North China under Japanese control. . . . Neither Tokyo nor Washington has yet replied to the British proposal that the *status quo* in regard to naval fortifications in the Pacific be continued even after the expiration of the present treaty on January 1. Secretary of the Navy Swanson went out of his way to observe that when the time comes the United States will match all new fortifications by any other power in that area. . . . Great Britain, France and the United States supplemented the understanding for international protection of currency values with an agreement to control the movement of gold. . . . A German spokesman threatened wholesale international dumping of commodities unless the Reich is given some colonies. . . . The name of Karl Radek, noted journalist of Soviet Russia and an "old Bolshevik," was added to the list of those suspected of, or charged with, "Trotskyism." . . . The Arab strike in Palestine ended inconclusively. . . . Unconfirmed reports from Japan indicated that a new world economic conference may be called shortly after the American election.

WITH the political campaign in full swing, President Roosevelt and Governor Landon have both been touring the country, speaking several times a day. Neither, during the week ending October 13, made any important additions to his policies, or his criticisms of the other's policies, previously announced. . . . As Al Smith continued his soured and embittered criticism of the New Deal, there were rumors in New York (which he denied) that he is about to become head of the Consolidated Edison Company, Inc. . . . The Lemke Union Party withdrew from the ballot in New York State, an action interpreted by some observers as the work of Cardinal Pacelli, supposedly sent by the Vatican to America to put a muzzle on Father Coughlin. That individual, however, continued to attack Mr. Roosevelt in the most unmeasured terms, for "radicalism." Mgr. John A. Ryan, widely known and highly respected American Catholic, in a nationwide radio address announced he will support President Roosevelt for reëlection and from personal and intimate

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knowledge dismissed as nonsensical the charges of communism against the President and several of his aides. . . . Newspaper dispatches from Chicago confirmed the statement made by our Washington correspondent in this issue that Republican campaign contributions are drying up as wealthy industrialists become convinced the cause is hopeless. . . . There were reports that peace may be made between the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L. . . . The Supreme Court refused the request of New York, Illinois and Massachusetts for a further review of the New York minimum-wage law for women, recently held unconstitutional, but agreed to such a review for the similar Washington law. . . . The General Electric Company announced a plan to alter wages in accordance with the movement of prices.

THE second step in the endeavor to enlarge international trade by currency coöperation among Great Britain, France and the United States has been taken by an agreement of the three nations to use their exchange-equalization funds as necessary to maintain stability of exchange rates, to export or import gold among themselves whenever an unwieldy amount of paper obligations may be accumulated in any financial center, and to forbid all shipments of gold by private parties. This is not final stabilization, since no permanent agreement has been reached as to the parities of the dollar, the pound and the franc. The existing status may be changed on twenty-four hours' notice. But unless it is changed, exporters and importers may count on the continuance of the present exchange ratios, since the action is aimed at speculative manipulation, and will doubtless be effective in preventing speculators from upsetting the exchange markets. Other nations may adhere to this agreement if they are willing to do so, and have exchange-equalization funds. Further steps in the process of setting up a permanent international currency stability, on a controlled gold basis, are promised. One of the most important will be the fixing of parities for a longer period, but apparently it is felt that the time for this is not yet ripe. Such a long-term stabilization, to be workable, would have to be in harmony with the flow of trade, investments and international payments, as well as with prosperous trade among all the countries concerned.

NEGOTIATIONS for a settlement of the dispute between the C.I.O. and the A.F. of L., begun with the advance by the United Hatters', Cap and Millinery Workers' Union, a member of the Organizing Committee, may succeed, but we doubt it. The C.I.O. maintains that it has been willing to come to terms at any time, provided the suspension of the constituent unions is revoked so that they can take part in the A.F. of L. convention, and provided the steel organization campaign is permitted to continue on an industrial basis. The A.F. of L. Executive Council maintains that it has always been amenable to reason, provided the C.I.O. will dissolve. In appointing negotiating committees, neither side has withdrawn from its basic conditions. The issue of the type and procedure of organization in steel probably offers no insuperable difficulties, but more than this is involved. The controversy is complicated by elements from an irrational level. There are personal hatreds, jealousies and desires for power on both sides. Since the open break, these have been reinforced by group loyalties. In spite of the obvious injury to the labor movement which would be created by a split going down through its local bodies, and in spite of the common-sense pressure on all sides for a reconciliation, it still seems likely that each party, and particularly the Executive Council, will demand the prestige of a complete surrender by the other before going on to adjust the concrete disputes. And neither party will surrender.

IF YOU own an insurance policy, or a share of stock in a big corporation, or are employed by any large firm, the chances are strong that you will receive a letter just before the election. Forty million of these practically identical missives are to be mailed, according to Mr. Jay Franklin, in an attempt to frighten the voters. They will be told that if Mr Roosevelt is reëlected business confidence will be destroyed, the wheels of industry will stop, and everything will go at once to the demnition bow wows. It is an old trick, of course, used in earlier elections, though probably not on such a scale as Mr. Franklin predicts. We doubt whether many votes are ever changed by these dramatic last minute arguments. If you meet anyone who has received such a letter, and is frightened by it, we suggest that you remind him how completely Mr Hoover let Big Business have its way, and what happened to the country during the application of this policy, between 1929 and 1933. You might also invite him to look at what has happened to stock prices, dividends and the volume of business, wholesale and retail, from March 4, 1933, to date.

PERSISTENT rumors from various European sources say that the French fascists are planning an uprising similar to that in Spain. The very fact that these reports have continued over a long period causes some people to discount them, but such an assumption is a dangerous one. Within the last few days remarks of Colonel de la Rocque have been interpreted as inciting such a movement, and it is not unlikely that the fascists may be encouraged to move by the tension between some elements in the People's Front government, and particularly between Premier Blum and the Communists. Especially bad is the position in French Morocco, where Governor Peyrouton was recently removed from his post because he was actively engaged in fomenting the fascist movement there. A victory for the rebels in Spain would of course enormously increase the danger of a similar adventure in France.

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ECRETARY Hull in Minneapolis made the rfect answer to Governor Landon's tariff plea the farmers. After the Smoot-Hawley tariff, epublican-sponsored and designed ostensibly to otect agriculture, gross agricultural income fell om $11,900,000,000 in 1929 to $5,300,000,000 1932. To retort that this was due to the depres- on is to slide over the fact that the depression elf was greatly aggravated by such barriers to ternational trade. Since 1932, gross farm income s risen by $3,000,000,000, although tariffs have en reduced. Duties have not been reduced on heat, corn, rye, oats or any of the products im- rted during the last year to make up the shortages feed due to the drought. Governor Landon had ecifically mentioned increased imports and falling ices of cheese, Babassu nuts and cattle. Secretary ull pointed out that the price of cheddar cheese now 25 percent higher than before the tariff- duction agreement with Canada was made, and at the price-drop mentioned by Mr. Landon was rely seasonal. Babassu nuts and oil have always en, and are still, on the free list. As to cattle, e duty cut applied to only three-quarters of one rcent of our annual slaughter. The price-drop curred not so much on lean cattle, where the cut is applied, as on fat cattle, and this price-drop is due to an expansion of feeding operations in e United States. Even so, cattle prices had risen ain by the time Mr. Landon made his speech.

President Roosevelt wanted to conduct the same id of dirty campaign that the Republicans are ging, he could easily overmatch their charge that is supporting the Reds by the accusation that r. Landon is just a stalking-horse for the Town- idites. These persons constitute a much more minent menace than the Communists. Their num- rs are far larger; their influence has been so great at at one time there were fears that the Old Age evolving Pension might pass Congress. The dam- e that would be done by their half-baked plan ould really plunge the country into economic chaos it would bring an immense and immediate rise prices of all the necessities of life, in which form ose not receiving the pensions would pay those o got them. The Union Party, which the Town- idites have endorsed, will, it is generally recog- ed by political experts, increase Mr. Landon's ances of election by drawing votes from the Dem- rats. To cap the climax, Dr. Townsend now asks s followers in California, where the Union Party ectors cannot get on the ballot, to vote for Mr. ndon. In spite of all the insinuations of the Re- blican National Committee and Mr. Hamilton, Red has openly come out for Mr. Roosevelt. ill Mr. Landon repudiate Dr. Townsend?

HE two leading preëlection polls continue to ow some sharp divergencies, but the major trend unmistakably toward Roosevelt. As reported over e week-end of October 11, the Institute of Public Opinion gives the President 53.2 percent of the total popular vote and lists 229 electoral votes as "sure," while Landon starts with only 36 electoral votes in his "sure" bloc. This calculation withholds Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan and Ohio as doubtful, even though they actually show slight Roosevelt majorities and if assigned to the President would give him an electoral majority with a wide margin to spare. Also listed as doubtful are states like New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois, in which Governor Landon now holds a narrow advantage, although the President admittedly has a chance of capturing them in the actual election. The Literary Digest now lists returns from forty states and gives all but thirteen of these to Governor Landon. In total popular vote Landon gets 713,451 and Roosevelt gets 485,000, and here again the trend is evident as even these figures represent a gain of one percent for Roosevelt and a corresponding loss for the Governor. One factor that has caused serious question of the accuracy of The Digest's figures is that a substantial majority of all those participating voted for Hoover in 1932. A check on the accuracy of the Digest poll, which gives Roosevelt 54 percent of the vote in Maryland, is the poll by The Baltimore Sun in which ballots were sent to every registered voter in Maryland. This poll gives Roosevelt 64 percent of the vote.

REPRESENTATIVE Vito Marcantonio, of New York City, is a candidate for reëlection. As we pointed out in The New Republic of October 7, he is one of the ablest progressives in Congress and it would be a real calamity if he were not returned. We remarked that he is "meeting the bitter opposition of the unscrupulous Tammany machine." A few days ago, Mr. Marcantonio was indicted for assault, on the ground that a follower of his had attacked a Tammany henchman at a polling place during the registration of voters. Mr. Marcantonio declares he is being "framed," and certainly the evidence all points in that direction. It is admitted he was not present when the supposed assault took place; his indictment followed with unparalleled speed, from the office of a district attorney who has rarely acted promptly in any other case. He was not even interrogated before the indictment and his first news of it came from the daily papers. A protest against violence at the polls coming from Tammany sources would be funny if the case were not so serious—Tammany, which has always tried to steal elections when it could not win them, and has habitually terrorized and beaten supporters of all other parties. The pretense, a few years ago, that it had reformed was a pretense only: it is today, as it has always been, venal, corrupt and ruthless, from top to bottom. Mr. Marcantonio, incidentally, is in urgent need of funds for the closing weeks of his campaign. Dr. Henry Neumann is treasurer of the Non-Partisan Committee for his reëlection, the address of which is 1754 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

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THE week's scientific news contains two items which may be of importance. Mr. P. Serge Litt, a youthful inventor from Tonawanda, New York, has invented a new motion-picture screen which, without involving expensive apparatus, is said to give a remarkable illusion of depth. His device consists of two fine-mesh wire screens, placed before a metal reflecting surface. The first of these, according to a description in The Chicago Journal of Commerce, breaks up the projected image into sixteen small squares to the inch. The next screen, chemically coated, corrects the distortion created by the first. The whole device is slightly concave, to improve the image as seen from the extreme sides of a theatre. An ordinary motion picture, in black and white or color, taken in the ordinary way, is said to be vastly improved when shown on Mr. Litt's screen. . . . The second invention comes from Dr. Charles H. Herty, director of a pulp and paper laboratory in Savannah, Georgia, who claims to have found a method of extracting fats from Southern pine wood. These fats are valuable for themselves, notably in the manufacture of soap, and when they are removed, the remaining wood pulp is available, as ordinary Southern pine is not, for the manufacture of high-grade paper and of rayon.

AFTER several years' detention in a Nazi concentration camp Carl von Ossietzky, the great German pacifist, is seriously ill. Repeated reports of torture induced a group of English journalists to interview him, even though the conversation would have to take place in the presence of his jailers. Following is a report of this interview, as given by the No Frontier News Service:

> "How are you?"
> "Well."
> "How are you being treated?"
> "Well."
> "How is your food?"
> "Good."
> "Have you anything to read?"
> "Yes."
> "Is it permitted to send you books?"
> "Yes, without any trouble."
> "Have you any preferences as to books?"
> "I want only one thing. Please send me some literature with descriptions of medieval torture methods."

DIRECT political action in the cause of peace accomplished some striking results in the recent primary elections in St. Louis. Peace-Action Service, which is a department of the National Council for Prevention of War, worked in conjunction with a group of young people, virtually all of whom were students of Washington University. They concentrated on the Twelfth Congressional District, at present represented by James R. Claiborne, whose militaristic pronouncements and voting record aroused the opposition of the forces working for peace. Under the leadership of Don Ellinger, who kept up his studies as a full-time student all the while, the committee organized for action we in advance of the primary elections. They took th hard but sure way—ringing doorbells, talking wit voters, canvassing block by block, precinct by pr cinct, to work up voting sentiment for peace. A each candidate in the two major parties announce himself for the race, he was questioned as to h stand on peace and a generally progressive attitud When all the names were in, the committee e dorsed one candidate in the Democratic Party an two in the Republican. Their particular effort w to block Claiborne's bid for renomination on t Democratic ticket. They worked with redouble effort as the actual voting approached, holdin meetings, getting out pamphlets and bulletins an making peace a genuine issue in the campaign. T total vote was of record size. Claiborne ran a ba fourth in the Democratic race, and although t committee's choice was second, the actual nomin has views on peace that are a distinct improveme over those of the present incumbent. In the Repu lican race, the committee's choices placed one, tw

JUST before his suspension from duty Hube Willard Eldred, a middle-aged employee in t New York City Procurement Division of t United States Treasury Department, had writte but not mailed, the following letter to Admir Richmond Pearson Hobson:

> Special Order No. 4: Extract.
>
> You are hereby commissioned and assigned in t grades and capacities as a member of the general st Veterans' Reserve Corps, as follows: Member of t tional advisory committee and chief consultant naval operations.
>
> Hubert W. Eldred, commanding officer, Veterar Reserve Corps.

Mr. Eldred's suspension followed the exposure his plan to organize 830,000 men under the slog "We fought together once; we will fight again f God and country." He denied that the organizati was anti-Semitic or in any way political, althou he was also quoted as saying that he was suspicio of President Roosevelt's radical tendencies and th the Jews were getting to run the banks and oth institutions. The whole thing seems simply chuck headed. As a matter of fact Mr. Eldred has be working at schemes of this sort for a long tim in 1915 he wanted to train firemen for milita duty. Perhaps he conceives of himself as a gre organizer and military commander, a dangero delusion, but let's not be too worried about M Eldred. The serious point is that he claims to ha organized 3,000 men in the six weeks since started. That takes money, and Mr. Eldred mak about $2,000 a year. Where did he get the mone

CITIZENS are under no obligation to obey t orders of a policeman if the orders themselves a illegal. This principle of civil liberties was firm stated recently in a courageous decision hand down by Magistrate Charles Solomon in the cou

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of New York City. Three members of a labor union, active on the picket line, were accosted by a policeman who ordered that the number of pickets be reduced to two. When the men refused, the officer arrested all three on charges of disorderly conduct. At the hearing in court Magistrate Solomon dismissed the charges and released the men with the comment, "The command of a police officer need not necessarily be obeyed. Obedience is due only to his lawful commands. When he transcends his authority, there is no legal obligation on the part of civilians to obey the police officer. If the law were otherwise, policemen would be the final arbiters of the rights of citizens." Magistrate Solomon has cited numerous legal precedents, including pungent comment by Judge Gaynor: ". . . an officer who, instead of being in the performance of his duty, is in fact committing a wrongful trespass upon an individual, need not be submitted to, but may on the contrary be lawfully resisted the same as though he were a private citizen." It should be added as a warning that if the citizen makes a mistake about what the court will say the policeman's lawful commands are, he is likely to suffer an additional penalty for resisting an officer as well as the beating up that the policeman is almost certain to give him. Therefore the principle is likely to be of little use in practice until all the judges are as keen about civil liberties as Magistrate Solomon.

A NEW project of the American Artists' Group, Inc., which has just been announced, is a forward step in the direction of making fine pictures available for people who can't afford to go in for Rembrandts. This organization, created a little more than a year ago, has prepared a series of original etchings, lithographs and woodcuts by leading American artists to be sold at about the price of a book, which is to say, far lower than original prints are ordinarily priced. The artists represented include John Marin, Reginald Marsh, Waldo Peirce, Adolf Dehn, Rockwell Kent and other well known figures. The group itself was founded to encourage American art by popularizing its achievements, especially by making original works of art available to the people. Its first venture in this field was the distribution of Christmas cards reproduced from American prints, a project that it intends to repeat and expand this year, and other activities are in the course of preparation. The theory behind the new series of prints is that by not limiting editions, as has been done in the past to give prints a pre-postage-stamp value, sufficient copies can be sold, even at a low price, to repay the artist.

IT HAS frequently been charged that the program of the Republican Party is at least ideologically akin to that of the American Liberty League, but the current Labor Notes of the Labor Research Association gives a list of parallel quotations from the two programs that might startle even Governor Landon. On the issue of unemployment and relief the Republican platform reads: "Withdrawal of government from competition with private payrolls." The platform of the Liberty League: "Withdraw the government from competition with private business." (This even looks as though the euphemism, "payrolls," had been substituted so that the phrases wouldn't be identical.) It will surprise no one to learn that both platforms are firm on the issue of free, private enterprise, and that both are heroically opposed to the Executive's "usurpation of legislative power," but it is odd that they should take their stands in almost the same words. And on the Supreme Court—the Liberty League: "We pledge . . . unequivocally to oppose any attempt to curtail or abolish any of the powers now exercised by the Judicial Branch of the government."—The Republican Party: "We pledge ourselves . . . to resist all attempts to impair the authority of the Supreme Court of the United States." Well, there are at least two words for any one thing.

Russia Calls a Bluff

STATESMEN of the Soviet Republic again and again have upset the diplomatic conventionalities of Europe by telling the truth or offering to act without reservation on a principle the other powers had formally espoused. Who does not remember the indignation caused at a disarmament conference when M. Litvinov proposed, in behalf of his country, to disarm? Such statements are usually condemned as bluffs, staged in the knowledge that there will be no need to make them good and used merely for effect on public opinion at home or abroad.

The same skepticism has greeted the Soviet Union's blunt pronouncement on Spanish non-intervention. The agreement, her delegate to the committee in charge asserted, is not being kept by Italy, Germany and Portugal, who are sending arms to the rebels. Unless this stops at once, the Soviet Union will not consider herself further bound by the agreement. Dispatches from London revealed a good deal of irritation at this breach of diplomatic etiquette. Of course British statesmen never supposed the agreement would be observed, and the rebels are in fact receiving help. But the purpose of the pact was not to enforce honest neutrality, but to pretend that neutrality was being preserved so that the conflict might be localized in the Iberian Peninsula. Once it is admitted that Germany, Italy and Portugal are not neutral, France and the Soviet Union will be compelled to come in on the other side, and the blaze will spread like a prairie fire.

This is a typical diplomatic attitude, and it is shared by many in England who want the Spanish fascists to win. But these persons are being more and more embarrassed, as The New Republic predicted they would be, by a growing sentiment for intervention even in Britain, on the basis of information that the pact is dishonest. Hence the annoyance against the Soviet delegate, the indignant protests

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by delegates from the fascist countries, the effort to bury the matter by referring the question to the guilty countries and committee proceedings, and the pretense that all Russia wanted in any case was to satisfy public opinion.

In our belief, this is simply not so. We do not venture to predict whether Russia will in fact send military help to the Spanish government, but there is no doubt whatever that her rulers do not make feeble gestures just for public effect. Some more concrete objective is always involved. In this case, the situation seems to us obvious. The Soviet government undoubtedly does not want to go to war over Spain, but on the other hand it is keenly desirous that General Franco's armies shall not win. It cannot countenance another hostile power at the rear of the French ally, which may either help to turn France in the fascist direction or make her pause when the Franco-Soviet alliance is invoked on account of German aggression. This is a matter of the most vital importance in Russian foreign policy, which is realistic, direct and coherent. The arms and planes which the insurrectionists have been receiving are helping them to win, and a critical point has been reached in the campaign. It was necessary to make the other nations uncomfortable enough to stir them to immediate action in stopping the flow over the Portuguese border.

A challenge of this kind is an act that cannot be without consequences. The committee is compelled to investigate and report. During the investigation those responsible for arms shipments are certain to be more discreet. London has a predominant influence over Lisbon. Portugal is Britain's oldest ally, depends on her protection for a vast colonial empire and is tied closely to her in finance and commerce. British statesmen, in order to disprove the charges from Moscow, however much they may deplore the rudeness of the Soviet delegate, will be likely to put on enough pressure so that the rebels will be hampered, at least temporarily. For in the last resort, London is more afraid of general European trouble than of a Spanish government victory. Even the most seasoned diplomatists can never be quite sure that Moscow does not mean what it says and will not act as it threatens.

Against the supposition that the Soviet government really might send help to the Spaniards it is argued that this would be of no avail, since Italy and Germany are so much nearer and could give prompter aid. Two considerations seem to us to offset this argument. The first is that the superiority of the rebels lies largely in airplanes, manned by trained aviators. Indeed, a war of this kind, like the Ethiopian war, is likely to be won or lost in the air. The Soviet Union has a gigantic modern air armada, with thousands of skilled pilots, and could dispatch aid of this kind to reach Madrid without delay of more than a day or two. Air squadrons, setting off from the Black Sea regions and following the Mediterranean, need not even fly over foreign territory. The second consideration is that with the admission that the non-intervention pact had failed, and the counter-aid that Italy and Germany would be almost certain to adopt, the French government could no longer resist the popular demand at home for active help to the Spanish loyalists. And France is of course closer to Spain than either Italy or Germany.

In view of all this, it seems to us likely that the Soviet Union can convince the other nations that it does mean what it says and will act if need be. Certainly the current comment in Moscow newspapers indicates that the matter will not be allowed to drop with a polite evasion. And if this is the case, real neutrality, rigidly enforced, is the only way out for the British and French governments. They can enforce it on Portugal if they wish to do so. And, except in the unlikely event that Italy and Germany are ready to start an immediate war on this issue, those powers will hardly raise insuperable objections. It may be that this outcome is what the Soviet government had in mind when it raised the question. It may have called the fascist bluff, at a time when others were too timid to do so. Certainly it has turned on a strong pressure at a crucial moment, by virtue of the very fact that it has shocked these statesmen who believe in formulas rather than reality.

Progressives and the Local Elections

THERE is danger that in the heat of the presidential campaign, liberals and progressives will forget the importance of the congressional, state and local elections. In many sections of the country there is a distinct opportunity to help growing movements and thus to aid in the creation of a genuine farmer-labor party in 1938 or 1940. In order that progressives may know where their aid is most needed, a stock-taking of the situation in a number of states is in order.

The geographical nucleus of the real new-party movement is of course Minnesota and Wisconsin. In the former state it now seems probable that the Farmer-Labor Party will increase its present representation in Congress from three to seven, and possibly eight, of the nine members. In St. Paul, Howard Y. Williams, who has been active for a decade in the movement for a national third party, is waging a particularly vigorous campaign, and although heretofore hampered by the division between various progressive forces, has a good chance to win. Senator Benson has a better than even chance to be elected Governor to succeed the late Floyd Olson, as has that sturdy fighter, Ernest Lundeen, to capture the senatorial seat—especially since the withdrawal of the competing Democrats.

In Wisconsin, the Farmer-Labor Progressive Federation, without any aid from the La Follettes, has combined the labor unions, large sections of the

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TODAY AND TOMORROW

By WALTER RIDDELL

The Voter's Choice

The other night in the house in which I live there was a fire. The wind was distributing the red embers far and wide, and the flames were reaching upward toward the foundations of the whole fundamental edifice. The house was saved because a far-sighted fireman played a hose on it. That, I thought to myself, is what we must do in the nation today. We must put out the fires of uncertainty which threaten to destroy our economic security by soaking the walls of our national house with the cold cascades of common sense.

Today the world is in a crucial position where only confidence in the ability of its leaders to carry out a comprehensive program of recovery can avert disastrous catastrophe. When a nation is bewildered by conflicting testimony and beset by contradictory voices concerning the present chaotic state of the economic order, it is not Utopian to hold that it is the duty of every public-spirited citizen to view the cosmos in its entirety. Let him turn the hose of reason on the conflagrations and hysteria of political partisanship.

The choice is with the voter.

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THIS NEW YORK

By LUCIUS RIDDELL

In the gaudiest of the town's mantraps, where the aficionados of the haut monde are wont to foregather nightly in an atmosphere of urban glamor and orchidaceous magnificence reminiscent of that mellower era of the Club de Vingt, the Lorraine and the Biltmore clock, in the days when this department, aged gaffer that we are, used to catch the milk-train back to New Haven on Monday mornings just in time to make chapel in his dinner-suit with the collar of his Brooks Chesterfield turned up to hide the boiled shirt, an ear attuned to the more fragile cadences of the Gotham saga can detect the overtones of a new major mystery. What, those in the know are asking, has become of the skulking gentleman who appeared in the French Casino, as God is our witness, and announced to a gaping audience that he was a Democrat? Legend hath it that the wretch was whooped out of town at once, and has since found it expedient to spend the remainder of the fall abroad lest the waiters at the Town Hall Club should start smiling behind their hands at a faux pas the mere contemplation of which would give Mrs. S. Stanwood Menken the vapors.

* * *

ALONG THE BOULEVARDS: The latest dernier cri in sartorial elegance this season is said to be a fall dinner-jacket equipped with indirect lighting. . . . Trains carrying grouse shooters to Scotland have been leaving London in three or four sections, the average rent being $500 a day for four guns. . . . Those in the know are still tittering into their aperitif chalices over Tallu's latest quip about Mrs. Roosevelt and the Pullman porter. . . . You had better ask her yourself, we can't tell you here. . . . This department is reliably informed that everybody who is simply anybody these days would rather perish outright than be caught without a Landon sunflower in the upper left lapel. . . . Approval of Al Smith is considered socially correct this season.

Landon Cause Wins Support Of Col. Knox

Notorious Publisher Bolts New Deal for Republicans

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 13.—Colonel Frank Knox, philanthropist and newspaper impresario, announced that he was placing his services at the disposal of the Republican National Committee, and if necessary would take the stump in favor of Governor Landon. "Roosevelt is too liberal," stated the Illinois statesman, in an interview here today.

'Digest' Poll For Landon

Incomplete Returns Increase Republican Lead

"The Literary Digest" yesterday made public incomplete returns from several other cities in its presidential poll, as follows:

	Landon	Roosevelt
Swasey Junction, Ia.	7	4
Ankle, Md.	¾	¼

According to Hoyle!

To the Editor of The Herald-Tribune:

If the New Deal is a Mis-Deal, the Dealer loses his Deal! What we need is a Trump that will turn the Trick and Follow Suit to Fade Roosevelt while we Roll a Natural for Landon! CONSTANT READER.

Union League Club, New York, Oct. 11, 1936.

An Omen?

To the Editor of The Herald-Tribune:

Behold a portent! In my garden today a sunflower burst into bloom, its face turning toward the West! What do you say to that, F. D. R.? Even our native soil itself hoists the standards of its cause! A challenge and an omen. Do men that are men need more?

MOTHER OF FIVE.

Metuchen, N. J., Oct. 10, 1936.

Women Pawn Wedding Rings In Landon Cause

Mrs. Riddell Says Militant Housewives Must Unite in Order to Save American Way of Life

By Mrs. Preston Riddell

Director of Landon Volunteers in Eastern Seaboard States

Eighteen days left before election.

Eighteen days left to save the American way of life.

Ladies, what are we doing to protect the Constitution? Remember that Franklin D. Roosevelt is the pawn of Communists. Let us think how those New Dealers killed 62,000,000 little pigs, and let us unite to save our children. Here is a letter I have just received from a volunteer Paul Revere of Park Avenue, New York City, who writes: "I am a busy mother, and I do not have much time from the cares of my little household, but I want to do my bit in the good fight to save the American way of life. I am therefore contributing the following verses that I have just written to the tune of 'Peggy O'Neill'":

If his eyes are blue as skies,
That's Alfred M.!
If he has a smile that's nice,
That's Alfred M.!
Don't forget to register yourself
And cast your ballot on Nov. 6 for Alf!
The New Deal is over, we'll all be in clover,
While we are marching for Landon!

What this lady has done, we all can do. We can jump on our horses and gallop, like Godiva, from door to door. No sacrifice is too great. It is up to us. American women can win this fight!

Join the Landon volunteers today.

Only seventeen days left to save the American way of life.

Wait a minute.

Sixteen.

NATURE STORIES

By THORNTON W. RIDDELL

Farmer Brown Decides

He who would new deals abandon
Should his ballot cast for Landon.
—Old Mother Nature.

Peter Rabbit had been in many tight places. Yes, sir, he had had many adventures . He had been in scrapes from which it looked as though there were no way out, but never had he felt more despair than now. What was the matter? Why, he was being pursued by Reddy Fox, and Jimmy Skunk, and Hisser the Snake, and Killy the Sparrow Hawk, and Willie Weasel, and Robber the Rat. Whatever should he do?

"Oh, dear," said Peter to himself. "Whatever shall I do?" And he scratched a long ear with a long hind foot. Then he scratched the other long ear with the other long hind foot. "I don't know any hiding place, but if I do not find one soon, they will surely catch me."

Now Farmer Brown's Boy was walking through the Green Forest and he saw the tight place that Peter was in.

"Where can Peter Rabbit hide?" he said to himself. "If he does not find a place, what will the poor chap do? I really ought to do something about it."

Now as Peter came running through the Green Forest, Farmer Brown's Boy beckoned to him. "Right this way, Peter," he said. "No one will ever find you."

"How do I know it is safe?" squeaked Peter Rabbit suspiciously. "Because it is a Sunflower Patch," laughed Farmer Brown's Boy, "and no Democrats will bother you here."

"Are you a Republican?" asked Peter.

"Of course I am a Republican," said Farmer Brown's Boy. "And Farmer Brown is a Republican, and Mother Nature is a Republican, and so is Danny Meadow Mouse, and Jumper the Hare, and Skimmer the Swallow, and Jenny Wren, and Russel Grouse, and all the Merry Little Breezes."

"How about Reddy Fox, and Hisser the Snake, and Jimmy Skunk, and Killy the Sparrow Hawk, and Willie Weasel, and Robber the Rat?" asked Peter."

"Oh, they are Democrats," said Farmer Brown's Boy.

"Then I am a Republican, too," said Peter Rabbit gratefully, and he spent all the rest of that day distributing Landon buttons around the Sunflower Patch.

Obituary

GREELEY—Horace, founder of The New York Tribune. Died New York, Nov. 29, 1872. Still turning over in his grave.

—COREY FORD.

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How They Are Voting: IV

WE PUBLISH below a continuation of the letters from well known Americans who have in general taken a progressive political position, stating for whom they will vote.

The score now stands: Roosevelt, 46; Thomas, 8; Browder, 3; Landon, 1; Lemke, none.

Among this week's contributors, Upton Sinclair is the novelist and publicist; Allen Tate, poet and critic, is associated with the Southern Agrarian movement; Mr. Taylor is on the faculty of Columbia University and Goodwin Watson, that of Teachers' College. Miss Van Kleeck is with the Russell Sage Foundation, and Rabbi Wise is at the Free Synagogue, New York City.

In response to our inquiry, Upton Sinclair sent us a copy of a statement he had written for The Epic News, which reads in part as follows:

Mr. Hugh Murray of Toledo, Oregon, has heard that I am going to vote for Roosevelt, and he wants to know "Is not a vote for him an endorsement of his plan to put us into a deeper, more hopeless bondage?"

I do not think that is quite his plan, Mr. Murray. It might be the ultimate effect of what he is doing, but I don't think he intends that. He is in a rather difficult position, because the profit system is breaking down about his ears, but the people do not know it, and don't realize it, and wouldn't let him change the system if he wanted to. They insist upon having efforts made to preserve the system, and if Roosevelt did not make such efforts they would turn him out and put somebody in who would.

I have good reason to believe that President Roosevelt knows that there is something serious the matter with our economic affairs, and that he or somebody else is going to have to do something quite drastic about it in the long run; but if you are going to be a political leader, you cannot go too far ahead of your followers. If you do, you will get cut off from them and retired to private life—like the present writer.

If I had the right to say who should be the next President of the United States, and if I were sure the people would support my choice, I think I would be radical enough to suit Mr. Murray. But I have not got that say and the people would not support me. The fact confronting us is that we have to choose between Roosevelt and Landon.

Mr. Murray says: "Even if Landon should be elected, such election can only expose the barren emptiness of the G.O.P." It can do a lot more than that, Mr. Murray. The "barren emptiness of the G.O.P." has been exposed year after year for most of the years of my no longer young life. Mr. Murray describes himself as being over seventy, so he remembers along with me the barren emptiness of the administration of a president named Harrison, and of another named McKinley, and so on through Taft and Harding and Coolidge and Hoover—the barren emptiness of each being only exceeded by that of the next.

What can happen under Landon is that we may never have another presidential election in the United States. I do not say that Landon intends that; I have no doubt but that he would be horrified by the suggestion; and yet it may very easily happen in the working out of the economic forces now rushing this country to a collapse.

Mr. Landon says he is going to balance the budget; and at the same time he is taking the campaign funds and the support of Hearst and the American Liberty League. That very certainly means that he is pledged not to increase the taxes of the rich, so the only way he can balance the budget is to cut down relief to the poor and put some kind of sales tax on the masses of the people. If he does that, he certainly will have mass uprisings of the unemployed and mass strikes in the big industries such as steel and coal. He will certainly have to put down by machine guns and gas bombs these attempts at uprisings by the enraged people, and the outcome of that can only be the overthrow of our institutions and the setting up of a dictatorship by his big-business men.

William Randolph Hearst, Mr. Landon's first and most powerful backer, is now visiting Mussolini and Hitler and learning the formulas under which this change can be brought about. Of course it will be called Americanism and patriotism, and will be done in the name of God and country—just as it was done in Italy and Germany. . . .

Exactly the same economic forces which were working in Italy and Germany and Spain are working in the United States, and they are working to the same end. . . .

I have made plain my lack of approval of most of the policies of the New Deal. I think that many of them are makeshifts and that many of them are blunders. But I realize that President Roosevelt has had a very difficult task—that of turning the Democratic Party from the party of Southern landlords and Northern corruptionists into a party of progress and social justice. I cannot expect him to do it in four years, and since I have to choose between him and Landon, I prefer to give him another four years. At the same time I shall go right on criticizing him and pointing out constructive measures to him, as I have done my best to point out to the people of California how, by electing congressmen pledged to production-for-use, they can continue to put pressure on the administration and do their part in changing the program of the New Deal.

UPTON SINCLAIR.

I shall vote for Roosevelt. I am not ready to vote for any of the radical parties simply because I don't believe that American democracy is quite done for; if it has any chance to survive, it will be in the next four years under Roosevelt. There are very few of the President's policies that I like, but he has been aware that a crisis exists, and there is at least a strong probability that he will take firmer and more coherent ground, in his second administration against privilege and Big Business. Should Landon be elected he would certainly bring on a revolution of violence

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in his effort to restore the good old days of finance-capitalism. If I were a Communist, I think I should vote for Landon.

ALLEN TATE.

I intend to vote for President Roosevelt, because his program represents to me a fumbling attempt at changes along lines which I believe to be economically and politically necessary.

HORACE TAYLOR.

I am supporting the American Labor Party and its candidate, President Roosevelt. I do so despite the fact that compromises with reactionary forces have been all too evident during the Democratic administration. But as I see it, these same forces are now massed behind the Republican Party. It is important to defeat the Republican Party, and fortunately we in New York State have the opportunity not merely to go to the other old party but to join forces with the trade unions, which are determined now to develop political strength. Lack of political strength on the part of labor was responsible for many of the compromises of the recent past.

I am aware that some intellectual and professional workers in New York are criticizing the American Labor Party because it lacks an explicit and far-reaching program. In reply to this, my position is that the significant point is the organization of forces facing in the direction, broadly, in which the labor movement always faces, and that this organization of forces can be counted upon to defend democratic liberties. This defense is the real issue of the present, because unless that victory be won, all the other issues will be settled by the reactionaries.

MARY VAN KLEECK.

Between the two major parties I see little to choose. I would prefer Landon because a fair enemy in an open field is preferable to the confusion created by New Deal maneuvers with leftward speeches and reactionary concessions. The failure of a big-business regime will be more apparent to our people if the alibi that the New Deal slows down recovery is removed. Give them rope! Some of my friends fear that a Landon regime, under Hearst influence, would be much more repressive. I doubt this. Pronouncements, at least on the matter of loyalty oaths for teachers, would point the other way.

This, I hope, is the last year in which persons interested in basic social change will have to choose between Socialist and Communist candidates. The development of a great farmer-labor-professional movement on the political front should make good headway now. Some kind of a People's Front is coming, I think. Meanwhile, Thomas or Browder? The answer depends upon how an increased Socialist or Communist vote will affect public opinion. Would a substantial increase in Communist votes lead to panic and repressive action which liberals could not withstand? Or would it lead to more study by many of what these Communists are saying about our American economy? On the whole, I think the mood of panic is passing, for the time being, and that any who would be influenced by minority-party votes might be more stimulated to critical thought by an increase in the support for Browder.

GOODWIN WATSON.

Our letter to Rabbi Stephen Wise arrived while he was abroad. From his secretary we received the text of a public address delivered by him on May 17, indicating some of the reasons for the intention, which he has since publicly confirmed, of voting for President Roosevelt. We quote in part:

Let it not be thought that the results of the awful years associated with the name of President Roosevelt's predecessor, though immediately the consequence of the Coolidge administration, were entirely averted or completely healed the moment President Roosevelt came to office. Even to this day the consequences are still being borne, despite the courage of the nation's leadership and the incredible patience of millions of almost too long enduring Americans. . . . American democracy withstood its ultimate test, and, thanks to the vision . . . of President Roosevelt . . . the democratic way of life was reborn. However imperfectly and inadequately, foundations were laid for a juster order of life. Tomorrow's foundations, upon which the future will build, no matter who becomes President or which party comes to power, unless selfish and blind leaders will to choose either the chaos of violence or the chaos of dictatorship, which is violence plus tyranny. I do not believe that President Roosevelt consciously set out to avert a revolution. It is to his lasting honor and it will be perhaps to his immortal fame, that on the one hand he averted a revolution of ruthless destruction and on the other hand inaugurated what the ages may yet call an era of "revolutionary justice" for the American democracy. . . . Naturally, there have been mistakes and blunders in the course of such years as have made it necessary for the President day after day to reach momentous decisions and to act in relation to problems of farthest-reaching consequence. The leadership of the President has been good, because he has courageously sought the right and because he has gone on undeterred in his dedication to well-being, the less scanty and the more abundant life, for all Americans. . . .

The President has had to face and still faces the challenge of the ruthless tories who demand security for themselves and for the value of their securities but, like the young gentlemen in the Legislature of New York, are unconcerned about the life and well-being of the millions of those workers who together with their families constitute our America. These dragged America down, these with unappeasable selfishness and incredible unwisdom dragged America down to the level of 1929. I do not say that the President substituted a paradise in 1933-36 for the Coolidge-Hoover concocted inferno of 1925-33. But the President has helped us to save ourselves. That is his great and imperishable achievement! Not chiefly by adding twenty billions to the yearly income of the American people, but by giving back to the American people the faith which they had lost or were losing, that a decently just and equitable life is possible under the forms of democracy, that law is not forever to be tortured to the advantage of the few and that the economic as well as political security of every man, woman and child is ineradicably written in the charter of our American democracy! STEPHEN S. WISE.

(To be continued.)

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Upper-Class Muckerism

EVERYONE knew that this would be a dirty campaign. All campaigns are dirty, but months ago it was foreseen that 1936 would be marked by a bitter splenous venom quite unparalleled in this generation. The hatred of President Roosevelt by a comparatively small but very vocal group, a group influential in many of the instrumentalities of public opinion such as the press and the radio, is one of the great natural phenomena of modern times.

It is the more inexplicable to an innocent onlooker because Mr. Roosevelt has done little or nothing to injure these individuals who hate him with such apoplectic fury. He hasn't overthrown the system of society they find sacred; federal taxes and the national debt are both quite low by comparison with, for example, those of Great Britain. Under Mr. Roosevelt many of the securities of the haters have doubled or tripled in value, their dividends are up several hundred percent and their future is rosier than it has been since 1927. A psychologist might see in their attitude overcompensation for a hidden fear and perhaps an unconscious sense of guilt. Some wealthy persons no doubt really do feel, without admitting it even to themselves, that they are the beneficiaries of an unjust economic system; some of these, and probably many others, felt in the first three years of the depression that that system was expiring. A less subtle interpretation would argue that the whole episode is vivid proof that people hate you, not because of what you do but what you say. The President has on a few occasions uttered words of scorn for certain grasping capitalists; and every owner of three shares of stock has elected himself to be the victim of the presidential scorn, and has spit back.

To be sure, a certain amount of hyperbole is to be expected as a part of every national campaign. By long tradition, we expect the Republocrat orators to tell us that the Demicans will ruin the country, and vice versa. A spellbinder who did not view with alarm the fiend in human form, my opponent, who has had the unparalleled audacity to offer himself for the scrutiny and suffrage of you my peerless fellow countrymen, would be considered to have sand in his gear box, and would be sent to the showers.

But even so, and making all allowances for self-induced campaigner's temperature, some things have happened this year that cannot be forgiven while they are remembered. The scurrility of some of the stories that are being set in circulation passes all bounds of decency even under the most liberal political interpretation. Speaking as one not affiliated with either party, and I think reasonably unprejudiced, it seems to me that at least 90 percent of the dirty work is being done by the Republicans. The anonymous stories that are being sent out broadcast by the thousand to the editors of small country newspapers are nearly all intended to hurt Mr. Roosevelt. They are too contemptible to be repeated; I cannot believe that they are helping Mr. Landon and I think the evidence tends to show that on the contrary they are doing him harm.

But not all the stories are anonymous. Some well known public figures in journalism and in politics, are doing things in this campaign which seem to me to reflect upon their personal and private honor. The test, I should say, is a fairly simple one. If a supposedly responsible person, in a campaign, circulates allegations that are not only false but must be known to even faintly intelligent people to be false, then he has stigmatized himself for all time.

Mr. William Randolph Hearst is not only supporting Governor Landon but to a large degree he is setting the tone of the Republican campaign. The Republican National Committee and Mr. John D. M. Hamilton have taken their cue from him with feverish attention. Not only is this true, but a Hearst representative has traveled on the Landon campaign train and on some occasions, at least, has dictated the contents of press releases regarding Mr. Landon. What are Mr. Hearst's contributions to the festival of light and learning?

Within the past fifteen days, he has dropped his theory that Mr. Roosevelt was merely supported by radicals and has said in so many words: "How far is Mr. Roosevelt going to aid his fellow communists?"

He has charged that the American government has made a loan to France, the only possible basis for this being, so far as I can see, the fact that at the moment of devaluation of the franc, Mr. Morgenthau bought in New York English pounds worth $5,000,000, sold by Soviet Russia.

He has asserted that French devaluation resulted from the "radicalism" of the present French government. (He ignores of course the previous French devaluation under a conservative government, the two successive devaluations by his admired friend Mussolini, the devaluation by the British Tories in 1931.)

He charges (New York American, October 6) that prices are now high in this country, and that they are high only because of "ruinous taxes." He assumes that all taxes are federal, and that there were no taxes at all until 1933.

I confess I cannot get very much excited about Mr. Hearst's morals. They are an old story. But there are others who deserve more serious attention.

Mr. John D. M. Hamilton has repeatedly charged that Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky,

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New York labor leaders now aiding Roosevelt, are communists. In support of his allegations, by devious reasoning, he calls the present Spanish government a communistic one. These statements are false. Mr. Hamilton must know that they are false.

Colonel Frank Knox, supported in large part by Mark Sullivan of The New York Herald Tribune Syndicate, charges that because of the Roosevelt fiscal policies inflation has already begun. Colonel Knox believes that the process is irresistible and that because of it, "no life-insurance policy is secure, no savings account is safe." What these gentlemen, using the price level as their yardstick, conveniently omit to mention is that the price level was substantially higher under Mr. Coolidge and in the first few months of the Hoover administration. Did we have inflation then? How do they explain Great Britain, with a debt burden far larger per capita than that of the United States? Do they believe there are economic laws that work on one side of the ocean but not the other? I don't believe it. I don't see how they can believe it.

Mr. J. N. Darling, the gifted and popular cartoonist, published a drawing the other day which supported the Republican thesis that we are in peril from radicalism. He showed Uncle Sam in the waiting room of "Drs. Socialism, Communism and Dictatorship" looking on with horror as an interne wheels out the bloody, broken fragments of a previous patient—Spain. The implication seems clear that the Spanish government is a revolutionary one and that it began the present war. Surely "Ding" knows these things are not true; or if he doesn't, he should stick to other themes until he finds out.

Al Smith ended his famous Liberty League speech with a striking peroration: There can be but one flag—the red flag of revolution or the Star Spangled Banner; but one capital—Moscow or Washington, etc., etc. It afterward turned out that this oratorical burst was taken almost verbatim from an earlier speech by a Catholic prelate. But even if he had thought it up himself, Al Smith certainly knows that Mr. Roosevelt is no Stalin; when he pretends this is so, he is just using the handiest and dirtiest weapon to attack an old friend with some of whose present policies he does not agree.

During a number of years in journalism, where you meet so many uninteresting people, I have come into contact with many encrusted Tories; I have interviewed, for example, nearly all of the fifteen or twenty most powerful financiers of this generation. Until recently, I should have said that one of the outstanding characteristics of these men, taken as a group, was their wholehearted sincerity. The popular conception of them, I know, is just the opposite: that at heart they are ashamed of the course they pursue, that they know the better but choose the worser way. Such an explanation, I have always felt, overlooks the vast human capacity for rationalizing your own conduct, for managing under all circumstances to continue to think well of yourself. But now, I begin to wonder. I see men in the public eye, mature, responsible, seeking to win a campaign by canards which it is impossible to believe that they believe. It makes one ponder about the continuing validity of old American ideals. It raises disturbing questions as to the efficacy of American education.

The one person who should be thinking hardest about these matters is Governor Landon. After all, his is the primary responsibility: this is his campaign. The presidency is a showy prize, but one can pay too dearly for it. Does he really want the people of the United States to believe that there are no depths of ungentlemanly conduct he is not willing to condone if they but bring him victory? Is he prepared to accept the aftermath of a possible victory bought in that way? Does he expect the American people to believe he is strong enough, if elected, to be his own man in the White House and yet not strong enough to dictate the tone and level of his own campaign? If he would repudiate the poisoners, he had better be quick about it. The time is not long.

BRUCE BLIVEN.

Two Sea Pieces

I

September six o'clock:
the young tinted faces
pale in the harbor

the sail falls shaking,
the water smiles from the prow

low sun, a cooler light
exhaled, low evening stains
waterblue under beeches

the longlegged children
are furling their sails

in the air like clear water

the water like air, like mist.

II

Cool cheek to cheek
and long gaze of children
mark how the gull's intent
wings half golden
tremble in sea flaw

hand in hand, warm thought
to lie together as light

leaves the dark land of ocean

pallor above purple
slow horizons fuming

evening, star of the sea.

ROBERT FITZGERALD.

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Washington Notes

The Current Swings to Roosevelt—Big Business Contemplates Defeat—Mussolini Juggles the Lira, but Financiers Are Shy

THE LONG continued deadlock between Republicans and Democrats in the big industrial states of the Northeast seems at last to be broken. A mass of evidence is at hand—from public and private straw votes, from surveys by politicians, newspaper correspondents and labor leaders—that in at least three states, Illinois, Ohio and Massachusetts, the tide of popular favor has begun to swing tumultuously in Mr. Roosevelt's favor. Whether it will rise high enough to give him outright victory in Massachusetts is still uncertain, but the result there will be far closer than most observers two months ago thought at all likely. Illinois and Ohio appear to be definitely in Mr. Farley's big-bellied bag. If they can be kept there for another fortnight, Mr. Roosevelt's reëlection is sure.

From the distance of Washington, the situation in the other big industrial states, particularly Pennsylvania and New York, still seems chaotic, with daily gains and losses for either side. But it is reasonable to suppose that the deep-flowing popular current towards Mr. Roosevelt that has now started will soon splash over into these and neighboring states. In the area north of the Ohio River and east of the Mississippi, only Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Connecticut appear safe for Mr. Landon.

In the whole country there is only one state, Minnesota, where Governor Landon's prospects appear to be better today than they were in July and August. This gain in Minnesota is due solely to the tragic death of Governor Floyd B. Olson. Mr. Ernest Lundeen, his successor as candidate for Senator, has great strength in his former Minneapolis congressional district, but apparently cannot command the support that Mr. Olson would have had. The recent amalgamation of Farmer-Laborites and Democrats, however, may save the state for Mr. Roosevelt.

The Republican high command, according to word received here, has become afflicted with a sort of moral St. Vitus dance, and is making jerky, uncoördinated motions without purpose or direction. The great Red menace, which was to have had the same effect here that the forged Zinoviev letter had in the British elections of 1924, has been exhibited to the public, and been received with hohums. The only ammunition that the Republicans are believed to have in reserve is a list of examples of waste and graft in the W.P.A. It is also rumored that an independent Republican group—not the National Committee—has prepared a pamphlet attacking Mr. Roosevelt's brief business career in the early 1920's, together with further alleged revelations of the business affiliations of his two elder sons.

The fact that Governor Landon's chances of victory are steadily growing fainter is no secret to his big-business backers. They seem to be taking his probable defeat in a characteristically big-business way. As far as talk goes, they are giving the illusion of fighting a last-ditch battle with all the misguided heroism of the original Old Guard battalions in the face of Wellington's final advance. The atmosphere in the offices of the National Association of Manufacturers is reported to be filled with desperate excitement. In Pennsylvania, where business is making a special effort to discredit Mr. John L. Lewis and the C.I.O., the anti-Roosevelt workers are plugging the Red menace with grim persistence. At a recent meeting of the state Republican campaign committee, the Pennsylvania leader, Mr. J. Mason Owlett, told his pop-eyed listeners that Mr. Roosevelt was both a secret communist and a secret Nazi, and that his reëlection would bring about the immediate enslavement of the entire population, while the elegant, usually sensible, Mrs. Worthington Scranton of Scranton added that it would mean the break-up of American homes and the placing in jeopardy of our womanhood.

As far as cash-money is concerned, however, big business seems suddenly to have become a great deal less than heroic. In the high and far-off days of last August, when several public and private polls indicated a small but sufficient majority of the electoral vote for Mr. Landon, $500,000 was reputedly raised by the Republicans at one New York City luncheon. The Republican National Committee probably still has more money than Mr. Farley. But the rush of funds in the final month of the campaign that the Republican leadership had counted on has not materialized. According to big business's own spokesmen, the country is tottering on the brink, but if Mr. Landon cannot deliver favors in the form of the repeal of tax legislation and appointments to the Supreme Court, big business will keep its checkbooks closed.

Rumors, couched in general terms, have reached Washington that a number of important Wall Street figures are now endeavoring to hush up business opposition to Mr. Roosevelt. Mr. Russell C. Leffingwell, partner of the House of Morgan, is said to belong to this group, although he is not believed to be taking a particularly active part. The group's thesis is that business must bend to the Roosevelt storm, and that it had better start practising bending without delay. At the recent convention of the American Bankers' Association at San Francisco this point of view was expressed by the heads of several great New York City banks, and they are said to have forced their colleagues to adopt a temporary political pacifism.

Apparently Mussolini has convinced himself that he can obtain a loan from the United States to be used partly for the development of Ethiopia and partly to help him out of his present economic straits. It is believed here that this was his chief motive in attaching the devalued lira to the dollar rather than to the pound, although it is also appreciated that he probably relished his affront to British financial supremacy. The recent newspaper report from Rome that Mussolini is considering opening negotiations for a new settlement of Italy's war debt is regarded as a trial balloon to test out America's attitude towards a loan. Treasury experts, however, believe that large-scale foreign lending by American investors is unlikely for many months, perhaps for several years. No immediate possibility is seen for a loan to Italy. It is pointed out that seven-percent bonds of the Italian government are selling on the New York Stock Exchange at eighty—eloquent testimony to the estimate placed on Italy's solvency by Americans.

Washington. T. R. B.

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Other People's Money

The Republicans Copy Democratic Strategy—Fooling Conservatives as Well as Radicals —The Catholic Church Sees Red

I HAVE been observing at a little distance from New York the technique of acquainting our sovereign voters with the grave issues they are called upon to determine. Down in the anthracite-coal regions, where there has been a good deal of unemployment, the activities of the W.P.A. are more visible than in almost any spot I have traversed. The countryside simply swarms with road-builders. This naturally is a crown of thorns to the lovers of liberty in the G.O.P. in the towns and counties. The Republicans have been talking about the Constitution and human liberty and other subjects to which the coal companies have been deeply devoted for decades, while the Democrats say nothing, but hire people for work on the roads. Recently, however, a light seems to have broken on the Republican strategists. A young man told me this tale.

He had been approached on a number of occasions by Republican workers and been given leaflets depicting the disintegration of the republic. Apparently these made little impression on him. Then one day recently he was told there was some temporary work at the light and power company in the town. He applied and discovered a number of men standing in line. But also there were almost 200 others who had already been hired working around the building of the power company. They were tidying up the place. Most of them were just leaning on their brooms.

The young man was employed and got three days' work that week. He said that he also got three days' work on the Democratic W.P.A. "I call this powerhouse job," he explained, "a Republican project."

"Well," I suggested, "between the two you got in a full week's work, three days from the Democrats on the W.P.A. and three days from the Republicans on the Republican project. But this leaves the argument terribly confused. Whom are you going to vote for?"

"Why, for Norman Thomas of course," he replied.

One of the strange ironies of this campaign is the charge of communism which is being pressed against Mr. Roosevelt with feverish energy in the provinces. The half-comic, half-bitter irony of the charge lies in this fact. Mr. Roosevelt has been acclaimed by admirers and even by critics as one of the greatest politicians of the times. Those who break into ecstatic hymns of praise of the great Messiah of the New Day are willing to extol, equally with his virtues, his uncanny power to fool all kinds of people. When Mr. Roosevelt began his New Deal he made it an almost 100-percent surrender to business interests. The T.V.A., of course, was the one exception. During those first two years, however, while he was putting the Johnsons and Peeks and Jesse Joneses and S. Clay Williamses and Woodins and Earle Bailies and countless others in posts of strategic importance, he was uttering speeches and proclamations in terms of radical philosophy.

The radicals were delighted. They love words, promises, angry glances at the right, bold pronunciamentoes about the old order and the new day. And the President gave them these. He also permitted a few, a very few, radical professors and others to potter about on the margins of the various departments. There was endless talk about the brain trust, but the decisions were being made by the practical politicians and business men near the throne. And there were long periods when the brain trusters couldn't even get to the President to present their side of the case.

Mr. Roosevelt was using a well known technique. He was surrendering to the most reactionary forces but preaching in the most radical language. The President was perhaps fooling himself a little. But his chief objective was to fool the radicals. Presently one radical after another leaked out of the New Deal and there came a time when there was almost no one but Rex Tugwell left. And when he threatened once to quit, the President said: "Heavens, if Tugwell goes, I won't have anyone left on that side." Tugwell he considered important as a gesture toward the Left. And the Left loves gestures. Tugwell and the big speeches were designed to fool the Left. And they have done so, but—and here is the irony of the thing—they have fooled the right far more completely. What right has Mr. Roosevelt to complain, therefore, if the gentlemen on the Right to whom he made such love for his first two years, have taken him at his own words—the words he served up for the edification of the Left? Of course Mr. Roosevelt is not a Communist, nor a Socialist, nor a left-wing Democrat, but only an old-fashioned country squire who believes that the rich should be good to the poor. But he has enjoyed strutting about in red habiliments. So he may be said richly to deserve the fruits of his own duplicity. He has fooled more people than he set out to fool.

One phenomenon which has broken out in this country and which may have a powerful effect on future political moves is the drive that has been unleashed in the Catholic Church against communism. It was always obvious that when and if communism threatened this country the Catholic Church would be the most potent force in the battle against it. And now the Church has gone to work in earnest. Sunday after Sunday from Catholic pulpits everywhere the denunciation of communism as the great foe of religion is being thundered. Millions of devout Catholics are hearing this. But, alas, Catholic priests can no more be trusted to know real communism when they see it than the lady who compiled "The Red Network." And hence, as the sanctified bricks fly at the heads of communists, there is very little discrimination by those who are identifying communist heads. To many people, of course, anyone who criticizes the government or the system or the rich is a communist. You can be nailed as a communist if you complain about the service in a railroad diner. I therefore suggest to the esteemed Catholic hierarchy that it assemble some of its wise heads familiar with social and economic subjects and draw up for the guidance of the undiscriminating pastors some clear and simple definitions of what communism is and what socialism is and what capitalism is and what capitalist racketeering is, as distinguished from capitalism, and thus save these gentlemen, as they turn on the vast heat the church can develop, from committing some grave injustices against their fellow citizens and their country.

JOHN T. FLYNN.

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Huck Finn in Hell's Kitchen

"THE DEVIL IS A SISSY" is a picture about kids, and a fine reassurance to those of us who like to think all is not authentic childhood that says Da. There is a lot to it in the way of idea, execution, insight and genuine warmth; and there is also a certain break with convention. We have always shown so little understanding of or desire to know the child's strange world, and such an anthropomorphic determination that it shall be nothing but our own world in cute miniature, that picture makers have naturally taken the easier way of keeping a Shirley Temple always moving around for us in her exquisite goldfish bowl, while such actual children as those of "The Innocent Voyage" stay where they belong, safe from the aroused mothers of the nation. The tradition of infancy is almost as bad a stereotype as the vaudeville Sandy McTavish.

And then too the fact is that a good story of childhood is difficult to make in dramatic form. It is easy to start it and set up a believable conflict, but what are you going to do for an end? Childhood is only a way-station, admitting no lasting achievement and none of the finality that provides satisfaction in drama. And the hopes, aims and fearsome adventures of this period cancel out before the fact that the one eternal consequence of childhood—known in the audience, impossible to escape it—is that of its growing up into something else. Suppose the lad does become a policeman or neighborhood hotshot, what then? This may sound like the quibble of pure theory, but you will not be able to think of a production of this nature that didn't dodge the issue one way or another. The good films from abroad ("Mädchen," "Poil de Carrotte," etc.) worked the combination of a psychopathic case and an attempted suicide. Others have followed the idea behind all the Eagle Patrol and Dare or Rover Boys series, namely that of making the lads so many junior grown-ups, with responsibilities, mature motives, the capacity to win the war or save the city (the Soviet "Broken Shoes" picture, for example, was merely the theme of the revolution worked out in diapers; and "The Road to Life" very little more in the end than Louisa May Alcott on a collective farm). The most common way out dramatically is that of letting the boys and girls be boys and girls, and relying for the plot proper on the older people with whom they have to do. To be added to these is a certain hybrid, especially prominent in this country, a mixture of child-as-adult and child's-influence-on-adult, which gets particularly in the hair. Here are the poor little tots, trying so obviously not to be their age; here opposite them are our patient veterans of stage and screen, inwardly fuming and outwardly Peter Rabbit.

I am sorry for the long delay in getting to the point, but some statement of the problem is necessary in speaking of "The Devil Is a Sissy," simply because the story and treatment here go a long way toward solving it. Kids in New York, pretty tough kids and too low for any kind of social register, so they make their own. The well brought-up English percival, whose wish to be one of the gang shapes the story, moves to the neighborhood at the time Gig Stevens' father is going to the chair, and there is that day at school and that night when nobody can sleep, Buck standing with Gig under the streetlight snapping his knuckles and nothing else to say, except in apologizing for his own blunderbuss of a father: "The old man, he. . . . Wull he means all right." This part, in the authentic schoolrooms, flats and streets, was done with what struck me as straightforward and absolutely unpretentious beauty. And shrewdness too, Gig's sudden brief shift from awe and bereavement to bragging next morning was very shrewd: It took them seven jolts to burn him, jeez, seven jolts.

The story goes on, sometimes regulation but progressing naturally and well, with the kids very serious and wise about hopping trucks and ducking coppers, little percival getting the usual razz but working out of it by sheer determination. They let him come to the hangout, and his progress is illustrated in the very neat scene where the boys just walk past the Greek's as innocent as you could ask and come up a block later with everything but the peanut roaster. They pinch spare tires too, and are well on their way to a life of crime before the moral element enters. They are caught in a second-story job and brought into children's court and then God save us all if the judge isn't just a regular fellow, soaping them up with a Y.M.C.A. fairy-tale about how it takes a *real* guy to go straight and the devil is really a sissy after all.

Head and shoulders above anything of its kind so far, the film now begins to slide downhill on its need for ethics. The boys blackball Reggy because while his little honor-bright play in court saved them from reform school, their iron law says that he ratted; and when he tries to prevent them (getting up out of a sick bed) from running away to escape probation, they push him in the water. There is a climax in their capture by gangsters, their getaway thanks to percival's palaver, and the predictable finish. The last third of the picture is partly saved by the good foundation already laid down, partly by touches of action and character—particularly in the knife-edge given to the part of Gene Lockhart as the Legionnaire father.

It is hard to say what the public will take, but there is certainly a chance that on this picture they would have taken a logical conclusion. If people will be satisfied with the purely implicit morality of "Public Enemy," there is a chance this picture could have been made to stop where "Public Enemy" starts, letting its boys go on from little jobs to bigger, letting it end, say, on their break out of reform school and hard-bitten assurance that they would never get caught in any such short-pants game again, closing on the good fun of their cemented threesome (say they've hooked onto a fruit truck, the three apprentice public enemies bumping along toward the fadeout with their faces screwed up eating green apples), their doom as firmly set upon them as it was on Gig's father.

And to suggest another ending for "The Devil Is a Sissy" is not just to make a ho[illegible] noise, for if there was ever an image of the boy's life as boys live it, this is it. It has several good people, especially Mickey Rooney, Jackie Cooper, Gene Lockhart, and Freddie Bartholomew; but it is the more special work of Rowland Brown, who did the story and the best part of the direction. In spite of the structural faults already suggested, the picture in its good parts is as sweet and clear as Tom Sawyer's whistle, and I'll go bond that the exact like of it, nudging us so intimately with the thought that we were young once, has not been seen in any art or form. OTIS FERGUSON.

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The Bandwagon

The organization is nonpartisan. Anybody who believes that the safety and welfare of America demand the rejection of Mr. Roosevelt in November and the election of Landon and Knox is eligible to membership.—*Editorial in The Detroit Free Press praising a new organization called The Volunteers.*

If fascism goes down God's cause goes down.—*From an address by the Archbishop of Westminster (Roman Catholic), as reported by The London Times, and quoted in a letter to The Christian Science Monitor from London.*

It is high time we put aside this spineless, fact-ignoring piffle regarding "free speech," "right of assemblage," etc., in dealing with the worst enemy this nation has ever known. —*From a letter written by the American League Against Communism, opposing the use of the Jamaica, Long Island, Town Hall for a rally of the Communist Party. Published in The New York Times.*

Fortunately, that "sharecropper" foment in delta counties was discovered in time to be properly suppressed. Still, sheriffs keep those fomenters, fortified with Republican money, securely in jail until they fully confess their vicious objectives. This is the land of democracy. We will always treat our Negroes fairly and squarely. Agitators should leave us alone. We have always solved our own problems. —*From a signed article by the editor, Fred Sullens, in the Jackson, Mississippi, Daily News.*

The Forgotten Candidate

Rex B. Goodcell, Los Angeles attorney and Republican leader, was winding up a denunciation of the Roosevelt administration. . . . "If you want four more years of extravagance," he cried, "vote for Roosevelt. If you want four more years that may lead to dictatorship, vote for Roosevelt.

"In contrast, if you want to return to liberty that is real, a return to those tenets of self-initiative that have made this country great, if you want to return to that existence we once knew as the American form of government, then vote for—" he faltered—"vote for —"

Goodcell gulped and mopped his brow.

"I guess I've forgotten the man's name," he explained.

"Landon?" shouted a voice from the audience.

"Yes, Landon," the speaker finished.—*News item in The Hollywood (Calif.) Citizen-News.*

Our Get-Together-with-Yourselves Department

No government can provide social security. . . . The only difference is that instead of people doing this in their own way among themselves, the government will do it for them. The government will take from the young and give to the old: it will take from the employed and give it to the unemployed.—*Two statements in the same paragraph of an article on Security by Garet Garrett in The Saturday Evening Post.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic.—The Editors.

A COMMUNICATION

The Duke University Law School in Rebuttal

SIR: The article, "Duke: But Not Doris," published in The New Republic for September 30 and written by Ernest Seeman, formerly manager of the Duke University Press, contains statements which, if true, would evidence an utter disregard for the principle of academic freedom at the Duke University Law School in which the undersigned, as members of its faculty at the time, had acquiesced. We do not accept these statements and cannot allow the implication that we and our colleagues are recreant to the cause of academic freedom to go without rebuttal.

No attempt will be made in this letter to deal with any of the points raised in Mr. Seeman's article which do not relate to the Law School. A discussion of charges relating to other departments of the University may appropriately be left to those more directly concerned. It should be added that we have no desire to question Mr. Seeman's sincerity; the version of events at the Law School on which his article in your pages is based has been given considerable currency.

Mr. Seeman's discussion of the Law School hinges on an assertion that during the school year 1933-34 the trustees of the Duke Endowment attempted to interfere improperly in the affairs of the Law School and its periodical —an incident which he connects with the later departure of Dean Justin Miller from Duke in the spring of 1934. Mr. Seeman states that Dean Miller was "hounded out of office" because he took the position that he "could not recant the pure-food opinions of his colleagues" and because he opposed a demand by the trustees of the Duke Endowment that "all Duke law professors aiding the New Deal be withdrawn." This interpretation of the events leading to the severance of Dean Miller's connection with the University is wide of the truth.

It would be quite out of place for us to attempt to review here all of the charges and countercharges which were made at the time Dean Miller resigned from his office. It is a matter of common knowledge on the Duke campus (though no mention of the fact is made in Mr. Seeman's article) that for more than a year prior to his leaving Duke, Dean Miller was increasingly at odds with the administration over matters wholly unconnected with academic freedom. (Mr. Seeman might also have indicated that he was himself an active partisan of Dean Miller in this dispute.) The existence of this controversy necessarily muddies any discussion of the issues involved in Dean Miller's departure from Duke, and renders an objective judgment concerning them difficult. So far as the issue of academic freedom is concerned, however, the significant facts are relatively clear and it is possible to state them briefly.

Toward the end of his last year at Duke, and after his disagreement with the administration had become acute, Dean Miller informed certain members of the Law Faculty that a trustee of the University, who also served on the Endowment Board, had signified his opposition to a con-

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tinuance of "New Deal" activities by the faculty. Dean Miller also stated that this trustee had criticized the "food and drug" issue of the school quarterly, Law and Contemporary Problems, and had requested that the periodical in the future avoid topics having to do with the New Deal. This information came as a shock to the Law Faculty, and the three of us who sign this letter at that time informed Dean Miller of our intention to seek employment elsewhere unless assurances could be given that we would be free at Duke to express our personal views on social and economic questions and to render aid to governmental agencies to an extent not inconsistent with our academic duties. At the same time we urged on Dean Miller the advisability of a united front by the Law Faculty on the issue of academic freedom which seemed to be presented.

Although Dean Miller assured us that he disapproved of the restrictions which he said the trustee had suggested, he counseled temporary submission while he worked for their removal. This counsel we felt we could not accept. We determined to ascertain what view President Few would take of the suggested restrictions. Approached independently of Dean Miller, President Few gave assurance that our freedom of speech and action would not be interfered with, and expressed his displeasure that the remarks attributed to an individual trustee should have been communicated to members of the faculty.

So far as we know, this incident constitutes the only event happening at the time of Dean Miller's resignation which had anything to do with academic freedom. While needless to say the occurrence was distressing, we felt that its outcome was precisely that which would be dictated by the best university practice.

With respect to the question whether an attempt was made to prevent Duke law professors from aiding the New Deal, one further point requires clarification. There were at the time Dean Miller left, and have been subsequently, criticisms emanating from administration sources that certain members of the Law Faculty were spending a disproportionate amount of time in Washington on government business, to the disadvantage of their classroom work. Such criticisms have been heard in other universities, and were especially understandable at Duke in view of the fact that during the school year 1933-34 the Duke University School of Law contributed the services of a higher proportion of its faculty to aid in the legal problems of the New Deal than did any other law school. That the criticisms referred to exercised some restraint on the faculty is true. Their justice was inescapable. They did not, however, prevent a continued participation by members of the faculty in New Deal activities, and, to mention specifically a matter given much prominence by Mr. Seeman, they did not prevent the editor of Law and Contemporary Problems from afterward advising with government officials in connection with the food-and-drugs bill.

In this connection it is relevant that, six months after Dean Miller left the University, the Director of Legal Research for the N.R.A. joined the faculty as professor of Law. He continued his labors in Washington on a part-time basis during the first semester of his employment with the University. This year, a nephew of that "prominent pacifist" whose mere appearance on the campus was described by Mr. Seeman as having horrifying consequences accepted an invitation to join the Duke University Law Faculty.

So far as the quarterly, Law and Contemporary Problems, is concerned, it may be stated definitely that it has suffered no curtailment or censorship since Dean Miller's departure. Because the incident discussed above had called the president's attention to the fact that under the existing arrangements the editor of the periodical bore sole responsibility for its policies, he considered it wise to create an advisory board consisting of three members of the Law Faculty (including one of the signers of this letter) to share responsibility for the policies of the journal with its editor. Since that time, Law and Contemporary Problems has continued its original program with the active support of the university administration, as evidenced by the fact that its budget has been increased each year. It continues as before to present symposia on controversial questions, including those relating to the New Deal. The issue immediately following the incidents discussed above was devoted to the A.A.A. cotton and tobacco-control program. Two issues, published last winter, deal with the Social Security Act and are now being used by the Social Security Board in its personnel training courses. A forthcoming issue will survey the operation of the Securities Act of 1933. It may be relevant to add that the editor of the quarterly, on the strength of assurances given him at the time of the incidents discussed, declined an offer, then pending, of more remunerative employment with the government.

Mr. Seeman attempts not only to connect Dean Miller's resignation with the issue of academic freedom, but also, with less definiteness, intimates that when Mr. Dean and Mr. Craven left Duke University similar considerations were involved. Mr. Dean, who had served as assistant to Dean Miller, left Duke University for the very simple reason that he received an attractive offer, at a considerable advance in salary, from the Department of Justice. Two years before the incidents discussed here, Mr. Craven, then a prominent railway attorney, had with some reluctance been persuaded by his friend, Dean Miller, to enter the teaching profession. A month or two after Dean Miller left Duke, he resigned to accept the post of Counsel to the Federal Coördinator of Transportation. His views while at Duke were regarded neither by his colleagues nor by his students as radical.

Those of us who have remained at Duke have done so not from compulsion but from choice. We believe that there is need for another national law school in the South, and that one of the concerns of such a school must be the continuous and objective examination of the realities of our social and economic life. We no more expect the trustees of the institution to see eye to eye with us on specific issues than we expect, or wish, to achieve a uniformity of opinion among ourselves. Should there be, however, a real infringement of academic freedom in Duke University Law School, we shall not remain silent.

DAVID F. CAVERS, Professor of Law and Editor of Law and Contemporary Problems.
LON L. FULLER, Professor of Law and member of the Publication Board of Law and Contemporary Problems.
DOUGLAS B. MAGGS, Professor of Law.
Durham, N. C.

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CORRESPONDENCE

"Rich Land, Poor Land"

SIR: Mr. Cowley, in his review of Stuart Chase's book [The New Republic, September 23] touches on a subject which has been recently under discussion among some Marxian scientists. A well known professor in Moscow has for a number of years been engaged in the compilation of a statistical survey of the relation of land and industrial resources to the drift, migration and extinction of populations. Based on this study, he has produced an index, or key, by the use of which the professor claims to be able to gauge trends from a survey of natural resources in a given territory. His thesis has been rejected as unsound by the Academy of Red Professors. . . .

Stuart Chase, in his mention of the Roman Empire, by inference likewise adheres to this thesis. He speaks of the denudation of Roman Africa. Yet as late as the sixth century, when Belisarius at first invaded North Africa and Sicily, he "found a bountiful land with friendly people; notwithstanding the decay of agriculture Sicily still supplied the granary of Rome; the farmers were graciously exempted of military quarters." The wars and conquests of Justinian were followed by the bubonic plague, and the populations in the basin of the Mediterranean were so exhausted from warfare that Gibbon concludes, "the triple scourge of war, pestilence and famine afflicted the subjects of Justinian and his reign is disgraced by a visible decrease of the human species which has never been repaired in some of the fairest countries of the globe."

There is plenty of evidence to point that populations do not necessarily drift away because the land has lost fertility; but that where nations become weakened by wars, pestilence and undisciplined regimes of national economy, as happened in North Africa, irrigation, drainage and land culture cease and the desert creeps up and swallows the soil. Undoubtedly the rejection of the Moscow professor's findings must in large part be based on the objection that the thesis does not take into consideration the element of human resourcefulness. Stuart Chase's statement resembles the early exposition of the Malthusian theory—truth but not the whole truth.

New York City. CHARLES RECHT.

SIR: Mr. Cowley takes Stuart Chase to task for implying that "silt in the rivers is almost wholly due to man's abuse of nature." States the Report on Water Resources (National Resources Board, Report—Dec. 1, 1934, p. 315): "Reduction in the silt content of streams is chiefly a matter of erosion control." And erosion is caused chiefly by man, as is explained in "Little Waters," another government publication. . . .

Second, Mr. Cowley states "I have not seen it reported by early explorers that the prairie rivers were ever clear, even in midsummer, Mr. Chase always tends to make the aboriginal continent seem more beautiful than it was in reality." In response, may I refer him to Part V of the Supplementary Report of the Land Planning Committee to the N.R.B., which reads as follows:

> The streams bore oceanward the residue of precipitation waters that flowed gently from sloping areas and nourished vast unbroken stands of vegetation. Rivers draining the regions covered with dense vegetation generally ran clear except in high flood, when channel erosion furnished the major burden of silt.

Third, the suggestion that all will be rectified by a reorganization of the social order is an oversimplification of the problem. Given a higher income, a reform of the tenancy situation and other recommended correctives of an economic system that has forced the "mining" of the soil, processes inherent in the nature of our agricultural methods continue to result in soil erosion. "Americans of the twentieth century" do *not* have enough knowledge to prevent or control erosion. . . .

JOSEPH ASKENAS.

[To answer Mr. Askenas briefly: (1) The geologists tell us that the Gulf of Mexico once extended northward to the mouth of the Ohio. All the Mississippi Valley south of that point was filled *with silt* before the first white men landed on this continent. (2) The prairies were not regions of "dense vegetation." If the Missouri River, which drains them, was ever clear, that would be news to Missourians. (3) We can't absolutely prevent erosion without preventing wind and rain. But we have knowledge enough to prevent the destructive erosion of good farm land. And bad farm land can be returned to forest or pasture—if the social set-up encourages farmers to do so.—M. C.]

What Is Happening in Cuba

SIR: The military dictatorship in Cuba moved last week in a most savage and criminal way.

Because of the terrorist attack on a newspaper, an attack that is generally criticized, the police, unable to find the guilty persons, have started a general persecution of all Cubans supposed not to be in sympathy with existing conditions—which is the large majority of the people. Labor circles have been closed, private and rural homes searched and hundreds of persons detained. The names of the prisoners are not given, and even foreign correspondents are unable to get any news. A strict censorship is enforced to prevent news from reaching other nations. The families of those in jail report brutal tortures, and dead men have been found in the streets of Havana, their bodies tortured and burnt.

It seems that this situation has been used by the army chieftains as a pretext to overrun completely the civil government.

CARLOS HEVIA.

New York City.

From The New Republic Mail Bag

A committee has been formed in the state of Washington for the purpose of carrying by popular vote the Production for Use Initiative, No. 119, which is on the ballot this November. This committee, Productionists, 1928 Seventh Avenue, Seattle, Washington, is conducting an active campaign and needs funds for literature and, if possible, radio broadcasts, writes Chairman Clinton D. Matteson.

We have received a prospectus from the Valun International Institute, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City, which purposes "to found and propagate a capitalist economy, free of politics and the collectivist ideology of political economy." While the ultimate goal is the establishment of Valun International Exchange of "a free money system" with no government control, the Institute also announces that it will maintain a lobby to stop "political interventions in business." This is, it says, "radicalism of the Right."

Clothed in a sky-blue cover, the first issue of a new literary bimonthly, Horizon, has just appeared on the—anyway, the editors are Noah Landau, Matthew Kamm and Sidney Young, the offices are at 2802 Brighton Eighth Street, Brooklyn, and the first number contains contributions from William Saroyan, Lester G. Cohen, Willis Hudspeth, Merlin N. Hanson, Agnes Albrecht Foote and others.

What's on the Air?

Mrs. Curtis Bok speaks on the program of the Women of 1936. Tuesday, October 20, 12:15 to 12:30 P. M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

Governor Alfred M. Landon speaks from Boston. Tuesday, October 20, 9 to 9:30 P. M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

Colonel Frank Knox speaks from Ohio. Thursday, October 22, 9 to 9:30 P. M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

Earl Browder, Communist Party candidate for President. Friday, October 23, 10:45 to 11 P. M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

Colonel Frank Knox. Wednesday, October 28, 9 to 9:30 P. M., N.B.C.-Blue Network.

Returns in The Literary Digest's presidential poll are broadcast by John B. Kennedy every Monday, Wednesday and Friday evening from 7:15 to 7:30 P. M., N.B.C.-Red Network.

All times given are Eastern Standard Time.

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Literates

White Horse Inn. Book by Hans Muller, adapted by David Freeman. Lyrics by Irving Caesar. Music by Ralph Benatzky. Décor by Ernst Stern. The Center Theatre, October 2, 1936.

St. Helena, by R. C. Sherriff and Jeanne de Casalis. Lyceum Theatre, October 6, 1936.

SOME PLEASANT enough dances, ensembles and songs are packed into "White Horse Inn"—Miss Melissa Mason, as the limber daughter of the professor, and Mr. Buster West as the rich young man, her suitor, are the best of them, and the audience knows that fact at every point of their performances—but the thing that counts is the décor of Professor Ernst Stern. The whole effect is Tyrolean, a style that runs from Christmas to nausea. But, besides other happy effects, there are three or four settings in which Professor Stern has done such scenes as are rarely to be found anywhere in the world theatre, scenes full of loving detail, lavishly provided for by the producer, as scene-painting skillful and *con amore,* a mingling of pastoral landscape, Dresden figurines, drama and modern painting styles, all drawn on to the stage as if the fancy were never to be exhausted nor the heart sated. It is, obviously, no news to report on Professor Stern; he has long been known over the world; any book on modern theatrical décor shows that. There are a score of moments in "White Horse Inn" that take from him a very special enchantment. This décor must be the best in this vein that our American stage has seen.

Many plays have been written about Napoleon and even more actors have taken a try at him—not seldom a mere matter of external tricks of movement, curves and locks of hair. Different dramas know different truths about this man, whether about love, irony, glory, what not. Of late years the Napoleon of the mind is better known and more considered; the knowledge of him has begun to leak through to the average reader, whose point of view, inherited from the British nineteenth-century front, has been largely of a military despot mad with ambition, or the ingrate divorcing Josephine, or the Corsican upstart. In sum, it took a long time for his opponents to catch up with Napoleon in his practical career, and, following that, it has taken even longer to catch up with the shape and passion of his thinking and the direction of his continuity. It is this later Napoleon who has now at last got into our English-speaking theatre, in a mild way, that is. "St. Helena" is a portrayal of Napoleon during those last five years of his life, when he was being deliberately and slowly killed by his English jailors. The play shows first the courage, the hopes based on a return to France; and from that goes on to the memoirs, dictations and conclusions, the fading hopes and the breaking down of the strong by idleness, climate, insult, bad food and slow, empty time.

Through the first two-thirds of "St. Helena" there is a certain movement that ensues from struggle. Napoleon's will against that of the British governors has suspense and pull to it (though it is gained partly by altering the facts: Napoleon was on excellent terms with some of the British officers and with the admiral who was supplanted by Sir Hudson Lowe). The last third of the play sags; it depends too much on your previous ignorance of many of the things Napoleon is allowed to say. It needs skeleton, more of what might be termed articulate objectivity. For some of the latter part of "St. Helena" only the most fluent, diversely caught, brilliant and magnetic acting could carry us completely. This degree of marvel is not attained by Mr. Maurice Evans. His performance is in the main agreeable and thoughtful, dignified and in good taste. His diction, a little too much in the spit-projectile school of distinctness, somewhat in the manner of, for example, Mr. Claude Rains, is well bred; his voice trained. Mr. Evans' worst lapse is in the garden scene, where Napoleon has everybody working to transform the place that clearly now is to be his last abode. The scene as written is a failure (not to speak of being false to the facts, which are that Napoleon turned the arid spot into so astonishing a verdure that even the governor's daughter had to steal away to see it). Mr. Evans succeeds in conveying some of the tolerance and silence that Napoleon developed. He at least indicates the energy implied, the dwindling of that energy in the face of inaction and disease, the continuance of it in terms of immortal history when Napoleon talked as if out of centuries long past, and one of the strongest parts of him, his historical sense, came into freer play.

The deliberate choice of Longwood as the part of the island that would kill him off; the opposition of England and Austria to the Tsar's plea for Napoleon's removal to a less deadly country; the £320,000 a year that it cost to keep the troops at St. Helena; Napoleon's delight in such tragic drama as that of Aeschylus or Corneille; the force and intensity, sometimes childish if you like, with which he was constructing the image of himself that he wished to leave in the world, these and many other items from Napoleon's last five years—it is interesting to consider them as dramatic elements. Not everything, of course, could be included. Perhaps I should say that one of the pleasures of seeing this literate and agreeable historical drama is to consider what other plays might have been written on these years, when the hero, having sat so long for his picture, now finds that his picture must sit for him.

Mr. Jo Mielziner, who triumphed last year up to a very high point in our theatre décor, comes off fairly flat in this case. His out-of-door scenes—so often the scenic artist's Waterloo—are tame, and those indoors are not really dramatic. As to furniture and so on, the effects could, by sticking to history, be more telling: for example, that gold-eagled Empire bed seen there on the stage when Napoleon is nearing his last moment, was in fact the sparse iron camp-bed of Austerlitz. The best thing in "St. Helena" is, I suspect, neither the play nor the acting of Mr. Evans, but the directing. Mr. Robert Sinclair more than once in the course of the performance seized what might have been more or less a character study and held it closer to stage drama. To take a single instance and let it go at that, we may note how well Napoleon's small court were individually and specially and as a whole related to him; never for a second did they appear a mere theatre cast around the leading actor. People who know the theatre will know what an achievement this is. There were plenty of other moments for Mr. Sinclair.

STARK YOUNG.

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Fall Book Section

The Cultural Heritage

This is a new translation of the remarkable speech that André Malraux made last summer, at the London meeting of the Writers' International Association for the Defense of Culture. I have omitted a few paragraphs of minor interest. The subject under discussion is one that has been preoccupying not only Malraux, but the greatest of his European colleagues, in these years when our inherited culture is definitely threatened by new nationalisms based on the worship of "force" or "blood," by anti-cultural dictatorships and by the likelihood of war tomorrow.—M. C.

ONE DAY a man came to see me shortly after being released from prison, where he had spent several years for giving shelter to anarchists wanted by the police. He was an intellectual and he talked to me about books. "Listen," he said, "there are only three books that can stand being read in prison: 'The Idiot,' 'Don Quixote' and 'Robinson Crusoe.' "

The remark stuck in my mind, and after he was gone I tried to puzzle out the reasons for his choice. I saw that two of the three writers he mentioned, Dostoevsky and Cervantes, had served long years in prison. The third, Defoe, had stood in the pillory. All three had written the book of solitude—the book of the man who comes back into the living world to find that other men can go about their inconsequential business without ever thinking that prisons and pillories exist. And all three had written the revenge of hell—Dostoevsky called it "the terrible power of humility," but it is also the terrible power of dreams, the terrible power of toil. In any case, the essential point was that they had learned to possess the world of solitude and had transformed their sufferings into a triumph for the artist, and the illusion of a triumph for the reader.

This tragic situation confronts us sharply and brutally with the question that each of us has been asking himself in a hazier fashion. Art lives by virtue of its function, which is to make it possible for men to escape from their lot as men, *not by an evasion but by an act of possession.* All art is a means of possessing our destiny. And the cultural heritage does not consist in the works of art that men should respect, but rather in the works of art that help them to live.

Our heritage is all of the voices that answer our questions. And nations and cultures, whether free or enslaved, are like individuals free or enslaved, in that they rearrange and recreate the past.

Instead of men's being measured by their heritage, the truth is that the heritage is measured by the heirs. It falls to those who are determined to transform the present; but this determination is limited by a certain degree of necessity. Tuberculosis forced Watteau to abandon Rubens for the dream of his Fêtes Galantes, but the same disease forced Chopin to write his heart-torn music. Whether in joy or sorrow, it is the destiny of the artist that makes him cry out, but the destiny of the world that chooses the language of his cries.

I should like, if possible, to define the frame of necessity within which we can interpose our wills.

When we use the word "art," we conceive of two fairly dissimilar activities. One of these, which I shall call rhetoric, is that of the Hellenistic, Renaissance or modern artist; here the art counts for less than the artist who creates it—or rather it counts by virtue of what the artist adds to his models. In the other—that of the Middle Ages, of Egypt and Babylon—the artist counts for less than his models and is *subjected* to them. In the first, the essential point is the presence of the artist; in the second, it lies in the subject matter. This second type of art is ordinarily distinguished by the supreme value given to the thing portrayed: how could you regard yourself as an artist, in the modern sense of the word, when hewing out a crucifix, if you believed that Christ had died for *you?* Niobe's sorrow concerned herself alone, and the artist had no trouble bringing himself into a picture of it, but the sorrow of the Virgin concerns all men. When it is time for the classical sculptor to appear, the Christian sculptor must disappear.

Yet his greatness persists. The artist who does not regard himself as artist belongs as high in the scale as those who do. Indeed, it matters little how the artist regards himself. What matters above all—and has always mattered—is that he should not accept the world of forms imposed on him, that he should insist on modifying this world, that he should endeavor to wrest from it the truth it contains. But for many centuries—and although the creative act has, in my opinion remained essentially the same—art has been losing its desire for representation, to the profit of a growing desire for the personal presence of the artist. We no longer believe that Christ is immanent in the wood; we believe in an art object called a crucifix. What counted in the statue of a saint was the saint; what counts in a Cézanne is Cézanne.

Now, the art of the masses is always an art of representation. Little by little the masses have ceased to go to art, to meet it on the steps of a cathedral. On the other hand, though the masses no longer go to art, modern technical methods are sending art to the masses. This is as true of the democratic countries as of the fascist or communist countries, although not in the same fashion. *During the last thirty years, every art has invented its own printing press:* radio, motion picture, photography. The destiny of art has carried it from the unique and irreplaceable masterpiece that would be sullied by reproduction, not only to the reproduced masterpiece, but to the work intended so completely for reproduction that the original no longer exists: the film. And it is the film that presents the totality of a civilization—comic with Chaplin in the capitalist countries, tragic with Eisenstein in the communist countries, and military, soon, in the fascist countries.

Once more the artist's consciousness of the creative act is in the process of being modified. For my part, I am glad to see that a communion in the fundamental domain of the human emotions is being reborn in all men. Humanity has always sought in art its unknown language. And I rejoice that our function as artists should sometimes be to make

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men conscious of the hidden greatness or dignity in themselves; I rejoice that, by our art or by the future transpositions of our art, we can extend this consciousness to larger and larger numbers of men. A photograph of Rembrandt leads back to Rembrandt, whereas a bad painting leads nowhere. But it does not matter whether we rejoice or grieve at the new methods of reproduction; the fact remains that they have become the basis for the transmission of our cultural heritage, which, by means of this same transmission, is changing its nature.

But let me make myself clear: I am not trying to present the old mirage of an art directed by and subject to the masses. This theory would merely lead to vulgarizing the art of an individualist and bourgeois civilization in order to create the art of a new civilization. Art expresses its own unpredictable logic; to discover this logic is, in a precise sense, the function of genius.

Speaking roughly, we might say that in art the sixteenth century discovered history, the nineteenth, geography: to these conquests of surface is now being added a conquest of depth. First the English went to Athens; then the statues of the Parthenon came to London. Today Athens and the Parthenon, by means of the illustrated weekly and the cinema, are penetrating into every English home. Even if the present relationship between the artist and the world should remain intangible (and this I doubt), the development of all cultures, not only in the Occident but throughout the world, will add a new language to art. And it is at this point that our own wills can be interposed.

The techniques that with increasing force are driving our Western arts toward the masses are not guided by blind chance. On the contrary they are guided by the ideology of the masses, whether it be clear or confused, and specifically they are guided by the better elements of this ideology. I do not say that a government policy cannot be directed toward the negative and contemptible elements of mass thinking, but I do say that the artist can produce a work of art only when he encounters the positive and creative element of exaltation. Like all thoroughgoing transformations, that of our own society disturbs the artist because it confronts him with a demand for complete discoveries, because it constrains him to genius. But I believe that the crowd can be fertile for the artist, because he receives from it only its power of communion. Writers have said too often that the crowd summons its own madness, and too seldom that it also summons its own greatness. How many people by themselves would have understood what great throngs have understood when they listened to the Archbishop of Canterbury? Any mass of men bears within itself its own fertility as well as its sterility; and it is one of our tasks as artists to reduce it to fertility.

What is the positive element in the various fascisms? I think it is the exaltation of differences that are essential, irreducible and *constant,* such as race or nation. In National Socialism there are two words, national and socialism, but we happen to know that the best way to achieve socialism is not to shoot the socialists, and that the significant word here is "national." It is on this word that fascism now bases its real philosophy and soon must base its cultural heritage, the development of its art.

The fascist ideologies, by their very nature, are static and *particular.* As for liberalism and communism, they disagree in respect to the dictatorship of the proletariat, but not in respect to their values, since the dictatorship of the proletariat is, in Marxist eyes, the concrete means for obtaining real democracy—all political democracy being a delusion so long as it does not rest on economic democracy. In respect to values—that is, in respect to the subject that brings liberals and communists together—our first line of demarcation from the fascists seems to be this: that in the general movement now carrying works of art and learning toward a greater and greater number of men, we aim to preserve or to recreate, not static and particular values, but dialectic and humanist values—humanist because they are universal and because, myth for myth, we do not want the German or the Teuton, the Italian or the Roman, but simply man.

I have always been struck by the absolute inability of the fascist arts to portray anything but the struggle of man against man. Where, in fascist countries, is the equivalent of the Soviet films or of the novels dealing with the creation of a new world? A communist civilization, which turns over the instruments of production to the collectivity, can pass from civil life to military life; but a fascist civilization, which maintains the structure of capitalism, cannot do so. Between the collective farmer and a soldier of the Red Army there is no essential difference; both for the artist and for themselves they belong to the same living order. Each of them can pass from one function to the other. But between a German storm trooper and a German peasant there is a difference in nature. The peasant lives on the inside of capitalism, the soldier on the outside. A communion that is real, disinterested and authentically fascist exists only in the military order. And the result is that fascist civilization, at its extreme point, leads to the total militarizing of the nation—just as fascist art, when it comes to exist, will lead to the estheticizing of war.

Now, the enemy of a soldier is another soldier, is part of mankind; whereas the adversary of mankind for the liberals and the communists is not other men but nature. In the struggle against nature, in the exaltation arising from the conquest of *things* by men, lies one of the strongest traditions of the Occident, extending from "Robinson Crusoe" to the Soviet films. Determined to fight if fighting is the only safeguard of the meaning we want to give ourselves, we nevertheless refuse to make fighting a fundamental value. We desire a philosophy, a political structure, a heritage and a hope that lead toward peace and not war. In the most serene peace there are still enough combats, tragedies and exaltations for centuries of art.

I have said that every heritage is shaped by our own will; but our will, like that of the creative artist at the moment before creation, is both intense and confused. It is by a daily exercise of will that a civilization gives to the past its particular form, just as a painter, by each new touch, modifies the whole of his picture. And nothing would be more dangerous—particularly for those among us who are revolutionary writers—than trying to substitute for our present and transitory heritage another heritage predicated on abstract logic. A civilization faced with its past is like an artist faced with the works of art that preceded him. The artist attaches himself to such or such a masterpiece, among those he finds in the museum or the library, depending on whether or not it helps him to realize his own work. The objects that we call beautiful change continually, but men and artists will always apply the word "beauty" to everything that helps them to express themselves. Man is not utilized by his heritage; it is the heritage that is utilized by man; it was not the Renaissance that was created by antiquity, but rather antiquity that was created by the Renaissance.

In this respect every civilization is like the Renaissance, and creates its own heritage out of everything in the past

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that helps it to surpass itself. *A heritage is not transmitted; it must be conquered;* and moreover it is conquered slowly and unpredictably. We do not demand a civilization made to order any more than we demand masterpieces made to order. But let us demand of ourselves a full consciousness that the choice made by each of us out of the past—out of the boundless hopes of the men who came before us—is measured by our thirst for greatness and by our wills.

The whole destiny of art, the whole destiny of that which men have included under the word "culture," is subsumed in one idea: to transform destiny into consciousness; to approach necessities of every sort by first conceiving them clearly in order to possess them afterwards. No, it is not a question of changing one category into another category, but rather of extending to the furthest limits of human knowledge the materials that men utilize in order to become more human, the infinite possibility of answers to their vital questions.

Working from day to day and from idea to idea, men recreate the world in the image of their highest destiny. The revolution gives them nothing but the possibility of their dignity; each man has the task of changing this possibility into a possession. But for that purpose, we intellectuals—Christians, Liberals, Socialists, Communists—in spite of the creeds that divide us, are seeking the purposes that unite us. For every high philosophy or work of art contains in itself the possibility of an infinite number of reincarnations. And the world of the past cannot find its present direction except in the purpose and determination of living men.

ANDRÉ MALRAUX.

Jefferson in Bowers

Jefferson in Power, by Claude G. Bowers. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 559 pages. $3.75.

"JEFFERSON IN POWER" is so full of parallels with conditions today that it's quite creepy. Bowers does not make the comparisons, but the reader does. French Jacobin—Russian Communist. Moscow gold—French money. Tories who cleaned up plenty of dough on the Revolution without fighting, who were against the Bill of Rights anyhow, and yet bellowed (when an honest man became President) about the Constitution—but this is a non-partisan review and I leave this parallel to my reader.

For Bowers, charging forth on his literary steed, uses his broadsword, whacking to the right and the left and thereby completely rescuing Jefferson from the reactionaries who now claim him as their own. Then he puts Jefferson into the place where he belongs—as the friend of the people, the thinker, the creator of the Declaration of Independence, the intellectual soldier for truth. More, he shows Jefferson as the good executive, the man of character and restraint, the empire builder, the constructive genius.

Concerning the fight on the Embargo, when his own party had turned yellow like a field of punkins in autumn, "not for a single second did Jefferson cringe or weaken. Never had he loomed so large as an executive. . . ." Under the attack of fancy traitors like Burr and plain ones like numerous Federalists, he kept his head, was patient and fair, but was neither weak nor mealy-mouthed. He sent Meriwether Lewis upon a great scientific and pioneering expedition. "Without a drop of blood" he gained Louisiana for the United States of America—all in the face of bitter and curious objections. Jefferson *in power* was a powerful man, using power firmly, acting wisely, maintaining in truth and in fact the Bill of Rights and Freedom of Speech and Press, though this freedom was used wickedly and slanderously against him. Likewise he preserved religion, though coachloads of Coughlins disgraced their cloth—in that case Protestant—by spewing forth false accusations, libels, cruel lies.

This book is not quite up to "Hamilton and Jefferson"; nor has it the emotional force of "The Tragic Era." In the first we find a brilliant, searching analysis of the two great characters and their philosophies. In "The Tragic Era" one is reminded of the old English ballad, "Oh let me lie and bleede a while, and I shall rise and fight again" —for certainly in that book one must often lie down and cry a while—then rise and read the book again. Both these books served definite, necessary purposes, and "Jefferson in Power" is not so clearly of that class.

The second half is better than the first—reading which a Texan chomps at bit to get into the real story. Belles, gossips, balls, flirtations, tavern brawls, boarding-house quarrels, French-Ambassador-beating-wife, political personalities, poets, pamphleteers, intrigue, crooked diplomats, American traitors, are given a little too much attention. As Bowers says, "to visualize the Jefferson of reality, one must brush aside the debris of partisan scurrility which has been taken with too much solemnity by historians of the anti-democrat school." Yes? But Bowers, good Democrat, with due solemnity brushes in the partisan scurrility, and then rather hotly paints and scrapes it out. He doesn't tell us enough about Jefferson—having such an Olympian respect for the great man that he actually tells us more about his enemies.

The book is 511 pages long, with 27 pages more of indexing and bibliography in addition to the thorough documentation as we read along. One has a feeling that Bowers could have been a little less thorough, that he could have omitted 150 pages without damaging the story. For his documentation smacks of vindictiveness rather than of professoriality. We feel he is thinking: "Yes, they doubt me —curse them, here is [3]*Ibid., I, 344;* [2]*Adams, Diary; King's Corr., V., 31;* all this, my dear sir, at the bottom of each page—that proves it. And moreover [Bowers still speaking] here upon page 513, you see this [*Aside*—damn your Federalist and Tory hides and such as may disbelieve me], my bibliography, which is headed: 'BOOKS, MANUSCRIPTS, PUBLIC DOCUMENTS, CONTEMPORARY PAMPHLETS AND NEWSPAPERS CITED AND CONSULTED,' and it is thorough —and cursed be he who says it is not accurate, nor enough." (Bowers ceases, whirls his black Jeffersonian cloak over his shoulder, stares at you and wheels out in dudgeon.)

This may be a little unfair, for it is a great book. Dark but very true tales of treason, secession and sedition march by. Our diplomats ride the high lashing seas and brave foreign courts to hack a place for our new and struggling nation. Villains snake up their ugly heads. We see the Hartford Convention and learn plenty of the Essex Junto. Dark intrigue and foreign ambassadors playing the dice of disloyalty with American business men and politicians, mostly New Englanders. Burr, the traitor, saved by the smirking politician, Chief Justice John Marshall of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Above it all, the Olympian spirit of Jefferson . . . "very old and frail . . . passed into deeper twilight" . . . for Jefferson is dying; he hears the trumpets of Revolution and sees ragged men fighting for liberty; the strophic phrases of the Declaration vibrate in his mind. Suddenly he cries out "The committee of Safety!—it ought to be warned"—and—

"On the Fourth of July he ceased to breathe and passed to the Immortals."

MAURY MAVERICK.

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Two Mid-American Novelists

Kit Brandon, by Sherwood Anderson. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

KIT BRANDON, by another name, is a living person. The daughter of a Great Smoky hill-farmer, born in that vast wilderness of space and sky that is just now being penetrated by highways and the T.V.A., she ran away from home as a child and, after many adventures, became a member of a gang of big-time bootleggers. In the mountains she grew into a sort of legend: one of the stories was that she had diamonds in her teeth. Eventually caught and imprisoned, her name and picture spread on the front pages of the newspapers, she was introduced by a mutual friend to Sherwood Anderson. Bit by bit, in long conversations, he got her story. He tells it in this book—a book that contains some of the very best, and some of the very worst, writing he has done: revealing, in an interesting way, the qualities that have made him, on one hand, our greatest genius of the short story and, on the other, our most confused social philosopher.

Let us say, to be brief, that when Anderson is telling the story of Kit Brandon—her childhood in the hills, her life as a mill-girl and a clerk in a five-and-ten—he is nothing short of superb. This book demolishes, if it does nothing else, the currently held opinion that a person of one class cannot enter into the life of a person of another. Sherwood Anderson is no mountaineer, but there has been nothing written in America that gets the feeling of our hill people with more sensitive understanding, more compassion and beauty, than Anderson gets it here. This part of the book is filled with sharp, wise, beautiful portraits—Kit's father and mother; old Tom Halsey, king of the moonshiners and his wife, Kate; the mill-girl radical, Agnes; little blond Sarah who likes to have a good time—these, and at least one of the finest stories Anderson has ever written: the tale of a boy who loves horses so much that, in moments of alcoholic exuberance, he becomes a horse himself.

If this book were simply the story of Kit Brandon, then it would be a magnificent job: ready to take its place with "Winesburg" and "A Story-Teller's Story." It is, however—and perhaps unfortunately—more than that. It is also the story of Sherwood Anderson's latest adventures in search of those two Holy Grails he has long been seeking: the essential truth of Woman and the essential truth of American Life. It would be impertinent of me, who once sat at Sherwood Anderson's knee, to say that his searching has been in vain. Nor do I think it has: even if "Kit Brandon," in this respect, leaves me with the feeling that he is not any closer to his goal than he was in "Many Marriages" and "Poor White." Anderson, rejecting the scientific method, has used the method of the poet; and, if he has not given us any definite philosophy, he has, thanks to his poetic intuition, given us many important clues. When he says, for example, that what most Americans are seeking is something to which they can pledge their loyalties—not as members of any class but as human beings—he is saying something very important indeed.

"Kit Brandon," in the sense of Anderson's searching, gets worse as it goes along. It becomes incoherent in both form and language and there are various passages which I defy anybody (except God and Sherwood Anderson) to understand. And yet, even in such passages, we are reminded how much we owe this man and how deeply he has influenced our literature. Hemingway (who repudiated his master in "The Torrents of Spring"), Faulkner (whom Anderson discovered and whose first book was written under his immediate guidance), Caldwell, Thomas Wolfe, George Milburn—all these, among others, have been affected by him. There is a tendency, in our most advanced intellectual circles, to dismiss Anderson with a tolerant wave of the hand. He has been likened, by one critic, to a man who goes on talking on the radio after the current has been turned off. I do not think this is true. Anderson, for many years to come, will have something to say. And, meanwhile, I think it might be wise for us to remember that he was one of the headmasters at the school where so many of us learned our ABC's. HAMILTON BASSO.

Carry-Over, by Ruth Suckow. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. $2.50.

THIS VOLUME, which contains "Country People," "The Bonney Family" and sixteen short stories, gives a very fair view of Miss Suckow's scope. The two novels deal respectively with farm and small-town life in Iowa and both converge toward the World War. In her revealing introduction Miss Suckow repudiates the overemphasis on locality placed on her work, and I agree with her that the deeper implications are most certainly not bounded by state lines. But in the long run her work appears to rest considerably on the delight readers feel in recognizing known things. The warm folksy flavor and conscientious detail almost lead one to complete acceptance, and it is only on second thought that one wonders if sympathy, no matter how patient or intelligent, is enough to bring to the scene and the time.

"Country People" is an unpretentious, moving story of a farm family written about an era when farmers' sons and hired hands alike hoped to buy and did buy farms of their own. The patient struggle toward ownership is typical. Nothing was to be bought "until all this got paid for," wife and sons were so many hands, "August wasn't going to pay for help when he had boys of his own," a better barn always came before a better house. The simple daily occupations of self-respecting folk whose sensitive qualities had little time for blossom—"the cows had to be milked," marriage following scanty courtship brought intensive cooking and childbearing—are detailed with a fine degree of accuracy and insight. Within its limits this appears to be actual farm life as the more steady, well fixed farmers lived it.

What is wrong with the picture? Miss Suckow herself evidently feels some uneasiness. In the light of the present she analyzes the period of "Country People" as the "breathless moment" before the storm of today. She says in her introduction that she thinks she stuck too closely "to the facts"; she does not seem to recognize that a point of view determines one's choice of facts. Her attitude quite evidently is a Christian one and her selection of materials, rich as they are, was nevertheless motivated by a conscientious sense of wanting to be just to characters and scene without fully realizing the deep integration between the two. As a result there is a calmness and even tone that does not adequately hint at the incipient violence within farm life. The storm of today was at least a cloud at the time of "Country People." I miss in these pages the con-

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stant fretting worry of farm people, their anxiety about the weather, the crops, "if the heat don't let up the corn will burn," the undertow, in short, that finally washed up in the years following the War, culminating in disaster much deeper than any predicated merely on drought or the present economic crisis.

Miss Suckow feels the need to bridge the gap between the past and the present, and this need, it seems to me, would not be felt if the groundwork had been more amply provided for. No one expects mortgage sales to be stopped by united action in the time of "Country People," but something of the germ that made such events possible might be implied. Miss Suckow in her synopsis of the future careers of her different characters allows Frank to keep his farm by virtue of the united action of farm neighbors, but she hastens to add that it was done through mutual agreement of those present and "there were no guns or tear gas." This repudiation of the idea of violence is extremely important as a clue to her basic attitude.

It permeates "The Bonney Family." Miss Suckow claims for this novel that it "has something of the pastoral quality of a small town on an inland river," and she is correct. One is justified in questioning how realistic such a conception may be. My own researches would lead me to repudiate the notion that any small town anywhere at any time, realistically conceived, had quite that complete sunny quality—any more than a "breathless moment" actually occurred in the pattern of the farm struggle, properly understood. The conflict was there, working underground like a mole, and Miss Suckow by ignoring it softens all the material in the novels and short stories. She earns great credit by her choice of simple, ordinary people and her refusal to exploit them by melodrama. An important aspect of American life is portrayed in these pages, but the author's point of view is limited by an organic weakness, revealed in Miss Suckow's notion that the recognition of individual characteristics is somehow separate from recognition of the background and its social implications. This divided vision weakens the force of her novels and at the same time endows her characters with a too complacent tenderness. One may compare "The Bonney Family" with a much earlier novel, also about a minister's family in Iowa, "The Damnation of Theron Ware," by Harold Frederic, to see the difference between the searching mind and a searching mind too saturated with the milk of human kindness.

JOSEPHINE HERBST.

Signs and Portents

We Have Been Warned, by Naomi Mitchison. New York: The Vanguard Press. $2.75.

SOME OF us have a sense that new forces are being introduced into literature—new experiences, new themes, new methods, even new kinds of sensibility. Because we believe that these forces are the outgrowth of social change and that they will be strengthened by the further development of society, we are convinced that a new literary movement is beginning. Looking at the latter half of the eighteenth century, scholars find in obscure poets and novelists the first signs of the romantic movement. It is like that today, except that we are conscious of the process of change—and that consciousness, by the way, is, for good or evil, one of the new forces. We see—or, if you prefer, we think we see—the thing happening, and we cannot help attaching importance to every expression of the revolutionary tendency. Not every expression is, on all levels, satisfying. The new does not spring forth, radiant, complete and unique; in part it grows out of the old and appears inextricably mingled with the old.

Naomi Mitchison's "We Have Been Warned" suggests some such comment because its faults and its virtues are so obviously of a piece. Mrs. Mitchison is a classical scholar, a practised novelist and something of a poet; she is also a militant socialist. In "We Have Been Warned" she has tried to integrate all her interests and all her knowledge. She has told the story of a woman of the upper class, filled with all the traditions of the Scottish landowners and with the classical learning of the intelligent aristocracy. This woman, Dione Galton, is married to an Oxford professor, a Labor candidate for Parliament. Dione wants to be a socialist in the fullest sense of the word. Her experiences in the manufacturing town where her husband is a candidate, her relations with members of the Communist Party, her visit to the Soviet Union and her marginal participation in a hunger march, all enter into the shaping of a new attitude toward life. But the book does not reduce itself to any schematic pattern of conversion. Mrs. Mitchison, with the clarity and beauty of Virginia Woolf's earlier work, keeps Dione's mind before us in all its complexity.

Life on a Scottish estate, life in an industrial slum, life in the U.S.S.R., life in Oxford, life in Bloomsbury, the tenseness of a political campaign, the problems of a non-possessive marriage, the having and educating of children, are all part of the book. That would seem to be enough, but Mrs. Mitchison refuses to rest there. She is a serious socialist, and this is a serious attempt to portray the working-class movement in England. Therefore she feels that she must say what is closest to her heart. The members of the Labor Party dream of the peaceful conquest of power, and Dione Galton agrees with them that parliamentary methods are best. But Dione has her fears, and these Mrs. Mitchison presents in a way that is far more effective in the book than it could ever be in retelling. What she visualizes as a possibility is a Labor victory, the beginnings of real socialism, and then, because Labor is not prepared, a bloody and triumphant counter-revolution. Planned before Hitler came into power, and written before Mrs. Mitchison saw the overthrow of the Socialists in Vienna, these concluding chapters dramatize far more effectively than the whole of Storm Jameson's "In the Second Year" the danger of fascism in England.

The principal fault of "We Have Been Warned" is probably clear by this time: it suffers from overambitiousness. Mrs. Mitchison has tried to do many things, and she has not done them all equally well. Some readers will find the account of the Galtons in Russia oversimplified and perhaps a little sentimental. Others, while admitting the skill with which Mrs. Mitchison has prepared for Dione's concluding vision, will object to the introduction of fantasy into a realistic novel. Still others will point to the ending as propaganda. There is something to be said for all these objections, but they are less important than the critics are likely to think. Like Ralph Bates's "The Olive Field," which is even more obviously defective in some details, "We Have Been Warned" has qualities that are fundamental in literature and that are gruesomely absent from the bulk of contemporary English writing. Mrs. Mitchison is alive, has something she passionately wants to write about, looks squarely at life, and uses all the resources of her heart and brain. And that suggests another reason for our concern with revolutionary literature: it is not merely a historical phenomenon of interest to critics; it is the bursting forth of life itself.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

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Three Lives

Metternich, by H. du Coudray. New Haven: Yale University Press. 415 pages. $4.

AS FOREIGN minister of Austria in the later years of the Napoleonic empire, Metternich had the sagacity to adapt his country's policy to the system of the conqueror—but only to the extent that her preservation required, no further. He thus enabled Austria to join as an equal partner the coalition that was formed against Napoleon after the Russian catastrophe. At the Congress of Vienna, where the booty was divided, his diplomatic ability gave him the leading role. Throughout the era of triumphant reaction in Europe, he was the brains of that reaction. From Lombardy and Venetia, which became Austrian provinces, he dominated Italy and maintained the petty tyrants on their thrones. He lorded over Germany through the King of Prussia and the feeble Confederation. By means of the Karlsbad decrees (1819) he stifled all national movements in Germany and all intellectual freedom, in the press and in the universities, thus forcing Germans to devote themselves to music. In Vienna the censorship would not allow "Hamlet" to be produced. His guiding principle was stability, maintenance of the *status quo* internally and externally. The liberals of his day hated him as the arch-reactionary and arch-policeman of Europe; opposing diplomats, as the arch-intriguer. Canning refused to meet "the greatest liar and rogue on the Continent." Finally the revolution of 1848 overthrew him.

Metternich's policies can be defended on conservative grounds. They can also be defended on the grounds of Austrian necessity; for the Hapsburg empire, a conglomerate of petty nationalities and fragments of nationalities, contained within itself no possibilities of life and growth; her continued existence required the peace of the graveyard. But Miss du Coudray defends Metternich on higher grounds. She maintains that he was a farsighted statesman who endeavored to save Europe from the calamities that have now overtaken it. She presents her view with considerable ability and charm. There is only one flaw in her argument. No concert of the Powers and no bureaucratic devices could reduce Europe to the immobility of Manchu China, for Europe was getting a machine industry, railroads and telegraphs.

HERMAN SIMPSON.

For Dear Life, by Belinda Jelliffe. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 355 pages. $2.75.

BELINDA DAN was the eleventh child in a North Carolina farmer's family. The country she grew up in was beautiful, but all around her she saw people living cramped, hopeless lives. "Looking across the valleys at the mountains, so blue, so close, my only conscious thought was 'How can I get away from here? How can I get where they have books, where I can be educated?' " She solved the problem finally by running away, with fifty cents obtained from a neighbor for train fare to the nearest town. On the train she met her father, but he seems to have understood the need that drove her and made no attempt to stop her. "I never saw my father again," she writes, "and since that day I have traveled alone."

And this is borne out by the facts of her candid and curiously compelling narrative. She made her solitary way as working pupil in a girl's boarding school, left it to take a servant's job, attended briefly with deep disappointment a small, sectarian, Southern college, again became a servant and finally worked her way North and into trained nursing. For all her gifts, her intelligence and determination, she seems rarely to have known comradeship and never to have felt solidarity with any group or individual. She was, she still is, judging from this book, a lonely individual pitted against forces she never quite understood but to which she would not surrender. But if she lacked group and class consciousness, she was also singularly free from herd-mindedness and group prejudice, notably color prejudice. Among the most moving incidents in her story are two in which she gratefully records help received from Negro friends.

Belinda Jelliffe took help where she could get it and got, considering her promise, surprisingly little; but always she pressed on, her eyes fixed on her twin goals of escape and education—young, vulnerable, egotistic, and yet desperately decent and courageous. Her very decency defeated her on occasion, as when, for instance, she let herself be expelled from the hospital where she was a student nurse rather than tell tales about one of her friends.

The record ends abruptly with her meeting with Dr. Jelliffe, the psychiatrist, whom she later married. This was evidently a turning point in a life that had consisted, till then, chiefly of hard work and loneliness and frustration. The future was apparently more hopeful. But everything that happened in the past is still important to her, and she communicates this importance by the directness and intensity of her writing. She has these qualities in a degree unequaled, I think, in any American autobiography since Agnes Smedley's "Daughter of Earth."

MARTHA GRUENING.

Wassmuss, The German Lawrence, by Christopher Sykes. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 294 pages. $3.50.

HERE IS the story of a life strikingly similar to that of T. E. Lawrence. Wassmuss was an agent commissioned by the Germans during the World War to goad the South Persian tribes into a holy war, the purpose of which was to compromise Persian neutrality, to divert allied troops to Asia and ultimately to undermine British strongholds in India. Like Lawrence, Wassmuss lied and made false promises in obtaining the allegiance of the tribes, and like Lawrence he was overcome with remorse at the end of his mission. But the parallel does not go any further.

Mr. Sykes's biography lacks the quality of Lawrence's writings, his analytical insight, his mastery of detail and strategic ability, his response to physical beauty, his philosophical turn of mind and the great tortured movement of his personality. The major portion of the book relates a series of isolated events which fail to crystalize into a historic process, and form a clumsy preamble to the last fifty pages in which the personal story of Wassmuss is contained. And now the story spreads to the proportions of a Greek tragedy. After the War, Wassmuss returned to Persia with the hope of redeeming his promises; but owing to his own obstinacy and the treachery of the sheiks, he sank deeper and deeper into failure. His life is that of a powerful personality made vulnerable through love of the people whom he was misleading.

Before he died, Wassmuss wrote an account in code of his experiences in Persia. It is now being deciphered and will appear shortly in Germany. Christopher Sykes's biography serves as an introduction to a story which should be almost as amazing as "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom."

FRANCES VALENSI.

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The Brown Blouses of Vienna

The Death of a Man, by Kay Boyle. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $2.50.

KAY BOYLE is still abroad and apparently feels she's got something there. Her new novel, which is the story of a young Vienna doctor and the American girl he meets in the Tyrol, is mainly about the dark religiosity of being an underground National Socialist in Austria before the killing of Dollfuss. After poverty, national frustration and despair, the symbol of a strong-man leader is a release for the young men, now ready and glad to shut out reason and immerse themselves in faith, exulting in endurance and animal muscle, tipsy with the reborn consciousness of the German music and the deep German words, the countryside of home. Those who plot in the wine cellars and keep the swastikas burning on the mountain at night are the outstanding characters; the author's sympathy and understanding are theirs. It is true that the American girl (the clean-legged, assured, finely chiseled type one meets so often in watering-place novels) ends their few weeks of divine passion with an explosion against the Herr Doktor's romantic subservience to his cause; but he is still the hero, infinitely capable and sound, and when the news of the Nazi *Putsch* comes to her she goes back to find him, though to be sure he is already on his way to exile.

Miss Boyle's case for the Nazi spirit is a job that is done well and honorably, carrying a lot more information and weight than the perfunctory catchword "analysis" that prevails in exposés of such matters. It is a case of special pleading, none the less (her particular Nazis fight against odds and against oppression with the people behind them; her characters are the men of good will and clear eye that are the exceptional specimens of any movement). And there are other things, there is a total impression more subtle than Miss Boyle knows.

You get it in what the novelist is occupied with when her thesis isn't looking, when plot exigencies don't demand. For example, what loving care of description, spent to no particular end, is given to the *Infektionhaus,* the sister with her repulsive hump and sexual sublimation, Hella with her goiter; to the number of people whose hands are clammy, eyes rheumed, mouths loose and wet and working, who smell of fever and who, in their bones and muscles and flesh, are always on the edge of resembling things not mentionable. Consider the diphtheria patient Cristl, whose baby face is bloated and the consistency of lard, a rubber plug in her mouth and around her neck an elegant gold circlet, holding in its grip the severed end of Cristl's windpipe, which hangs out below her chin and gasps and flutters in your face at intervals through the book. Not because you asked, not because there is any possible use for it—and that somehow touches off the quality of "The Death of a Man": Kay Boyle and her circlets of gold, each holding out to you the sinister fluttering Thing.

And so while you are made to understand, as she has understood, how the people in her book feel about this new force and this new symbol of a man who has broken the winter of their despair, you feel that such understanding is possible only in the very atmosphere of fever she has created. And so all this renewal of life seems a false spring, the rank profusion of these strange growths testifying to the close, unnatural and forcing air of the hothouse.

This is bad, because Kay Boyle has always been a good writer: sharp of eye and mind, well founded in character portraiture, and with a sensitive divination for the words that make pictures and make music, for just the proper spare English word (it is barely daylight and the boys in the contagion ward wait for the thrushes, "the first dark rustle and spin of flight past the windows"). She can turn out a good stiff period with a jolt to it like a man's; her stories get on. She is always going off the deep end of course—here as always she won't admit that a person was isolated or satiated if the words "satiate" or "isolate" can be rung in; such significant adjectives as "pure," "delicate," "subtle" shuttle around like a lower-case "e" on the linotype; and in general she is so determined to be sensitive to scenery and mood at every turn that the god's truth is you can't see the forest for the prose. But these have always been natural excesses, the mist of a lushness that should burn off in time.

It should burn off, but will it? A writer needs some sort of whip of discipline and he needs solid ground under his feet; and Kay Boyle not only continues to go the fancy way of her own self-indulgence, she now gets absolutely over her head in all this land, ancestors, mysticism and kraut. Her new book is a weak thing to be coming from such talents; but there is more to it, a promise of nothing better and plenty worse to come. It may still not be too late to send her a message though (take a cable): DEAR KAY UNDERSTAND YOU INTERESTED IN AUTHENTIC COUNTRY COMPLETE WITH PEOPLE HUNGER STRIFE STOP HAVE GOT ONE OVER HERE STOP IF NOT INTERESTED NO ANSWER NECESSARY DO NOT WRITE STOP SEE YOU IN ANOTHER LANGUAGE.

OTIS FERGUSON.

Self-Portrait by Vincent van Gogh

Letters to an Artist: From Vincent van Gogh to Anton Ridder van Rappard, 1881-85. Translated from the Dutch by Rela van Messel, with an introduction by Walter Pach. New York: The Viking Press. 254 pages. $3.50.

THE Vincent van Gogh who arises from the pages of "Letters to an Artist" is the real Vincent van Gogh, that genius who, in the 1880's, produced pictures of such beauty and universal sympathy that they still can bring comfort and light to eyes as disillusioned as ours today. This van Gogh is not the erotic puppet of sensationalism that biographers and novelists have so often made him—the self-taught madman, with a "passionate heart allied to an unperceptive brain." If such writers take the trouble to read either those letters van Gogh wrote to his brother or this present volume (being correspondence with a fellow artist at the time van Gogh was laying his firm foundation of draughtsmanship), they will continue these tabloid misrepresentations only at the peril of quick self-exposure.

Van Gogh was self-taught, but "Letters to an Artist" proves that the course of instruction he mapped out for himself and completed would, to any academic teacher, have appeared utterly beyond any student's powers of concentration and application. As for van Gogh's having an "unperceptive brain," any one of these fifty-eight letters will disprove that. They are written in a style as strong and unaffected as that of his drawing. Further, his comments—whether on technique in art or on that required in the everyday world for the understanding of human relationships—show him a keen and original thinker.

These letters should interest anyone who has been attracted either by van Gogh's work or by his life story. Being correspondence with a fellow artist, naturally they

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CAPRETAX BULLETIN

(CAPITAL-RELIEF-TAX)

Increasing Frequency of Depressions

Industrial depressions were not frequent in the United States while frontier land was cheap and the volume of taxation was light. But as the tax burden became heavier, and all unused land on the frontier and elsewhere was taken up into speculative holdings, grave economic changes occurred.

Self-Bankruptcy of System

Under the new conditions, which came to prevail, widespread bankruptcy is frequent and automatic. The most outstanding element in this picture is "frozen paper" based on inflated ground values. Ground rents and the purchase cost of land are a mounting charge on industry as a whole; and until these costs are deflated, no revival of business takes place. But renewed industrial activity leads to re-inflation of ground values in city and country, followed by a new deflation.

Vanishing Frontiers of America and Britain

Seven million (7,000,000) acres of unused land in Britain were "appropriated" by the aristocracy, through Parliamentary Acts, between 1700 and 1850. In the meanwhile, British ground rents increased one thousand (1000) per cent.

A like process took place in the United States, where western frontier territory and all unused land in the nation was absorbed into speculative holdings by the beginning of the present century (1900).

Labor, Capital Exploited

Wholesale grabbing of land by the British aristocracy drove small farmers and field hands off the soil into the industrial towns, where the resulting over-supply of labor led to competition for work, thus holding wages down.

British capital, in city and country alike, had to pay ground rent and taxes prior to wages; and under these conditions, the purchasing power of the masses remained below the point where British labor could buy the equivalent of its toil and keep British industry in motion. Hence, as ground monopoly solidified, and the tax burden became heavier, British capital entered upon active search for outside markets.

Economic Problem and Marxism

The "Communist Manifesto" of Karl Marx appeared in 1848; and his volume "Capital," written in London, was published in 1867. British industry was now completely gripped in the economic vise of ground monopoly and taxation.

The chief dogma of Marx was that Labor is exploited through private ownership of productive capital; and the main plank in his platform was the well known demand for public, or collective, or common ownership of "the machinery of production and distribution."

A correlative Marxian dogma was that the modern Parliamentary State represents the triumph of the capitalistic class, the "bourgeosie," over the landed nobility.

Ground Monopoly Seen Too Late by Marx

Stimulated by the "Communist Manifesto" and the first edition of "Capital," the socialist-communist movement rapidly acquired form and momentum on the basis of the dogmas mentioned above.

But in the meanwhile the author of "Capital" continued to investigate economic problems; and after his death, a new edition of "Capital" was published, with appended matter left by Marx under the significant heading *"The Expropriation by which the Country Folk were Divorced from the Land."*

This new section about land monopoly, however, was put into the book too late to become an organic part of "Capital." And, in fact, Marx never understood the double pressure exerted upon productive industry by ground rent and the fiscal power of the State. His posthumous emphasis upon land grabbing, therefore, has never caught up with his early dogma about the monopoly of capital.

Modern State a Compromise Between Land and Capital

The standard pattern of the modern legislative State originated in Britain during the period when land-grabbing reached its climax (1700-1850). The ground lords reluctantly admitted the bourgeoisie to parliamentary power on condition that the mounting fiscal burdens of England and Scotland be laid upon capital and its products, instead of upon the value of land in city and country. *The exempted rental values therefore became an increasing liability upon industry, over and above taxes.*

Hence, the modern parliamentary State does not represent the victory of the bourgeoisie over the landed nobility, as Marx claimed. But on the contrary, the modern State is a compromise between the social prestige of Land and the economic energy of Capital.

Confusion and Readjustment

Today's confusion will persist as long as the world-wide economic issue is pictured as a mere conflict between "Labor and Capital," or between "Communism and Fascism."

But the stream of current history is gradually shifting its course. Marxist elements find themselves under constraint, for the time being, to act with bourgeois progressives against the menace of complete reaction. And in the meanwhile the compromise between Land and Capital, which, in Britain, paved the way toward the modern parliamentary State, is in process of reversal: The British constitution is amended so as to abolish the tax-veto of the House of Lords (the citadel of ground monopoly), thus concentrating governmental power in the House of Commons; and it is only the presence of a "rentier" majority in the Commons that prevents, for the time being, the inevitable transfer of tax burdens from productive capital to ground values, improved and vacant, in city and country. The tax issue, now looming throughout the world, is not simply a revenue question; it is the problem of the fiscal power of the State as an instrument of social change.

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DUTTON

deal largely with matters of art, but art with van Gogh often became synonymous with life.

Complete appreciation and enjoyment of the letters, however, would presuppose definite knowledge of the artist's life. While Mr. Pach in his introduction outlines certain of van Gogh's movements at the time he wrote these letters to van Rappard, 1881-85, he does not supply every detail necessary for complete visualization—not, for instance, making it sufficiently plain why, after twenty-odd months of living with her, van Gogh broke off his liaison with the prostitute in The Hague and returned to his father's vicarage at Nuenen. It was while he was there, painting weavers and peasants, that he completed his first masterpiece, "Potato Eaters," over a lithograph of which arose the misunderstanding with van Rappard. The reproduction of "Potato Eaters" in "Letters to an Artist" is unfortunately of the painting, not of the lithograph van Gogh made of it, to which latter van Rappard's unjust criticism applies. (Anyone interested will find the lithograph reproduced in Mr. Pach's little volume, "Vincent van Gogh," and will perceive why van Rappard apparently confuses "left" and "right," for in the lithograph van Gogh has reversed the painting's figures.)

Attractive in format, carefully indexed, "Letters to an Artist," besides throwing a new light on certain incidents in van Gogh's life, offers a further and stimulating view into one of the most perceptive, unique minds of the nineteenth century. EDWARD BUCKMAN.

Sincerity Is Not Enough

Calling Western Union, by Genevieve Taggard. New York: Harper and Brothers. 106 pages. $2.

IF ONE had as little quarrel with its poetic accomplishment as with its convictions, "Calling Western Union" would be an occasion for praise. But despite that good title and the engaging vividness of her autobiographical preface (which kept me thinking what a fine novel she might write), Miss Taggard's latest book is for the most part disappointing. For one thing, there isn't enough telegraphic concision in the poems themselves: the admirable spareness of a poem like "Late Change" stands out as exceptional. And, for another, there is a confusion of motive behind the poems: in general they aspire to a mass or class message, yet they are frequently so truncated and subtle that only a poet like the one she gleefully buries in "Funeral in May" would be capable of the discriminating response which their refractory method seems to presuppose.

Miss Taggard's predicament is that of most poets who have tried to make a transition from the earlier, "esthetic" tradition to the writing of revolutionary verse. Their work constantly reminds me of an observation by Matthew Josephson:

> The artist, as artist, may make a poem . . . whose ruling conception is one of order, harmony, decency. Then, as a "man," he may . . . fight those who he believes are pledged to disorder, discord, indecency. In either case there are distinct standards of excellence which will be the measure of his effectiveness. On the one hand, he must . . . be a good artist; on the other, if he is going to turn fighter or, for instance, pamphleteer, he must acquire the qualities of the great propagandists of the past, Swift, Voltaire, Rousseau, Edmund Burke and Zola.

In their social-political verse, poets like Miss Taggard too often make the mistake of trying to achieve the excellent

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and necessary ends of the pamphleteer by devices appropriate to the "pure" poem in its most complex guise. Thus, form and content in their work decidedly are *not* one; indeed each wars so against the other that it becomes hard for the reader not to second the preference with which Miss Taggard ends one of her poems: "Better read Marx."

JAMES DALY.

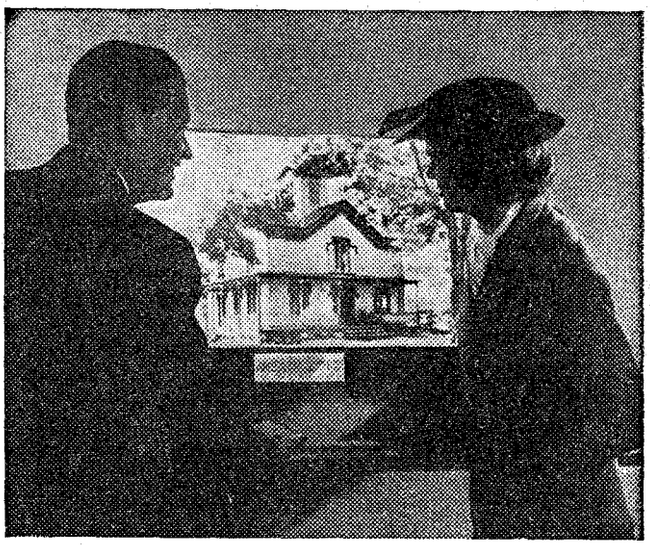
Behind the Spanish Rebellion

Spain in Revolt, by Harry Gannes and Theodore Repard. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 235 pages. $2.

THE SIMPLEST explanation of the Spanish civil war has become, by force of circumstances, the most accurate explanation. Hearst's headline phrase of "Whites versus Reds" is a better definition of the present stage of fighting than such abstractions as "Reaction against Liberalism" or "Fascism against Democracy." The salvation of Spanish democracy is a nice talking point for the Madrid government, but the truth is that sometime, somewhere, during that first month of the civil war Spanish democracy as we knew it—that is, parliamentary democracy—was killed. Regardless of which side wins now, Spanish Republicanism, with its parliamentary blocs of Right, Center and Left, has not the faintest chance of being revived.

Harry Gannes and Theodore Repard, writers for The Daily Worker, start their book with the premise that Spanish democracy is at stake. In this respect they seem to me to be less realistic than, for example, William Randolph Hearst or John D. M. Hamilton, who make no bones about the fact that they prefer fascism to socialism any day. Mr. Hearst, however, would believe that the fascist rebellion came because a Soviet regime was imminent in Spain, while Mr. Gannes and Mr. Repard, after leaving their thesis of saving democracy, are able to prove that the stubbornness, arrogance and high toryism of Spain's ruling classes—monarchists, landowners, clergy and army—made gradual reformation impossible. Democratic reformation was tried and ended in an armed revolt. At the outset of the revolt the rebels said they were fighting Marxism. There was not a word of truth in it then, but they themselves have forced their words to become true. There can be no denying that now it is Marxism that they are fighting.

The authors have sketched the only coherent account of the Second Republic down to the time of the rebellion that I have read and, I believe, the only one that exists in English. They have shown how the first government under Azaña ended with only a bare 80,000 acres being divided up to benefit the small number of 5,000 peasants. They have shown how the victory of the Right in November and December, 1933 (made possible largely because of the abstention of anarchists from the polls), preceded the growth and formation of the fascist-military movement which was later to revolt. And it was largely Gil Robles' ineptness, combined with the restraining hand of Alcala Zamora and the threat of open revolt, that kept alive the machinery of democracy by which the Spanish Popular Front was able to win the elections of February 16, 1936. Through one medium or another—strikes, seizures of land or the enactment of laws—Spanish reformation after the February elections was clicking. It was this very fact, the fact that wages were being raised and big estates were being taken over, more than any isolated burning of a church or assassination of a fascist leader, that caused the precipitate rebellion.



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"Spain in Revolt," although it shows occasional signs of being hastily written, is a valuable handbook not only of the history of the Republic since 1931 but of the economic background of the present war. Added to the narrative parts of the establishment of the Republic are chapters on the Army, the Church, the peasants and the labor movement. The authors seem particularly at home discussing the labor movement, which in Spain is complicated by the presence of large groups of anarchists and syndicalists. Undoubtedly the occasional errors in Spanish names and places that occur in the book will be corrected in a later edition.

ROBERT NEVILLE.

Mr. Eliot in the Wilderness

Essays Ancient and Modern, by T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 212 pages. $2.

MR. ELIOT is nothing if not thrifty. Of the ten essays in his new book, five appeared formerly in "For Lancelot Andrewes"—among them, the admirable little note on Baudelaire. Three other papers from that book have not, for whatever reasons, been retained: those on Middleton, Crashaw and Machiavelli. One regrets their omission, if only because, in the religious aridity to which Mr. Eliot now so often leads us, they formed a refreshing oasis of color. And in the present volume their places have been taken by essays which on the whole are Mr. Eliot at his heaviest—"Religion and Literature," "Catholicism and International Order," "Modern Education and the Classics," "The Pensées of Pascal" and a brief note on Tennyson. Heaviest and, let us add frankly, dreariest: for Mr. Eliot is very much in earnest, he is very solemn and, alas, he is often very dull. The prose, in the religio-social essays, is tired and flaccid, the argument tedious and thin; and ultimately one finds oneself reflecting that one's interest is not at all in the ideas presented, which are nowhere very surprising, nor in the reasoning, which in its bland exclusions often strikes one as queerly *innocent*, but in the fact that these ideas and these reasons are Mr. Eliot's. The spectacle, in short, is that of one of the finest and most perceptive minds of the age, and one of the wittiest, occupied in a retrogression, or regression, which is as astonishing as it is melancholy.

The main features of Mr. Eliot's panacea for a barbarous and backsliding age are of course familiar enough—he would have us be good Christians, by which he means good Anglo-Catholics, and he would have us read the classics. For the understanding of the latter, and of literature in general, and for the proper judgment of values, both in letters and in life, he suggests that we must bring the touchstone of Christian ethics: a singular *dénouement* for the critic who, in "Tradition and the Individual Talent," sailed so close to the Siren shores of Abstract Art. With Mr. Eliot's feeling that the age is too much secularized, or too materialistic, and that we must rediscover our religious instincts or perish, it is impossible not to agree. What one *cannot* agree with is his notion that religion can exist only in a church, or in one kind of church. Any more than one can agree with him in his strange idea that regionalism, both national and international, is the only remaining political hope of mankind, or that the revival of monastic teaching offers the only hope for the study of Latin and Greek "in their proper place and for the right reasons." Shades of Erasmus! But this is Mr. Eliot at his most priggish, and it is pleasanter to record one's gratitude for the notes on Pascal, which are very good indeed, and

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the charitable act of restoration which he performs in so generously praising Tennyson. *Too* generously, perhaps. When he says that the poems of Thomas Hardy—among which one must remember "The Dynasts"—are "small work in comparison with 'In Memoriam'—it is greater than they and comprehends them," one feels that the gambit is a trifle risky. And one wonders whether Mr. Eliot doesn't admire Tennyson for the wrong reasons—and in the wrong places. Just the same, to reread Tennyson is a good idea.

CONRAD AIKEN.

The Consumer in Politics

The Decline and Rise of the Consumer, by Horace M. Kallen. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. 484 pages. $2.75.

"THE DECLINE AND RISE OF THE CONSUMER" goes far toward explaining in an authoritative manner both the philosophical background and the practical applications of consumer coöperation. The essence of Dr. Kallen's argument is that the "good life" for all can never be achieved on the basis of a producer mentality. The "primacy of the consumer" must be the frame of reference for the well ordered and equitable economy of the modern state. The contradictions of capitalism will be dissipated only when men can learn to think and act in terms of a "consumer personality-image."

For those interested in a left-wing labor movement, Dr. Kallen's capable analysis of the relationship between consumer coöperation and trade unionism will come as a welcome relief from the hazy treatment usually given this vital aspect. Despite his insistence upon the identification of personality with consumption and the dangers of acting solely from the producer's point of view, Dr. Kallen readily admits the necessity of organization and activity by labor in its role as producer, as well as in its role as consumer. "In view . . . of the realities of any workingman's life and any workingman organization, the coöperative movement could become one of the most potent aids of the trades-union in its struggles, and the trades-union a powerful reinforcement of coöperative growth." The author sees the establishment of a consumer economy as the result of the ultimate convergence of consumer coöperatives, labor organizations and credit unions. With all his criticism of the inadequacy of the producer mentality, Dr. Kallen does not hesitate to arraign coöperators who "have often shown an undue caution, a certain smug content with the *status quo*," and to recognize the fact that consumer coöperative societies in America "have not been especially conceived to win trades-union interest, participation and coördination."

One could point to a number of errors in judgment and evaluation in his book—for example, the misunderstanding of the place of consumer coöperation in the Soviet Union, the failure to make clear just who is the consumer who has been exploited so much, the superficiality of some of the historical interpretations. But perhaps the most striking is the author's underestimation of the challenge of fascism to consumer coöperation. In eulogizing the "toughness, flexibility, and intelligence" of the movement, he makes the amazing statement that, "short of destruction, it [consumer coöperation] is able to survive, even increase, in the noxious atmosphere of Fascist Italy and amid the material and spiritual poisons of Nazi Germany." And instead of recommending working in advance against the forces making for fascism, he advises the movement that "the more strictly it adheres to the principle of social and political neutrality

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today, the surer it is to absorb into itself the loyalties of all sects and parties tomorrow." One is inclined to doubt whether the former adherents of the coöperative and trade-union movements in Italy and Germany—*i.e.*, those who are still alive—have derived much solace from the sanctions subsequently applied by the International Coöperative Alliance: namely, exclusion of the Fascist and Nazi coöperatives from that organization. HERBERT A. FIERST.

Behind the Figures

The Trouble I've Seen, by Martha Gellhorn. New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

DURING the year I was editor in the Research Section of F.E.R.A. I read thousands of pages of statistics. It frequently occurred to me that behind every single numerical unit recorded in the tables there lurked a story of tragedy, and the reading of occasional "case histories" that came my way confirmed the suspicion. Yet it was hardly possible to select from among the many millions of stories about relief recipients one that was typical, or ten, or a hundred, for that matter. The social statistician vaguely realizes this and hence cannot interest himself in the individual; he must deal in total numbers, and he is apt to be annoyed and confused by personal stories. As a natural consequence, he comes to feel that those who specialize in stories of individual cases are sentimentalists.

While I entirely understand the position of the statisticians, I cannot help feeling that in their passion for figures they often forget that every single item on their sheets represents a human life. The consequence of their forgetfulness is the enunciation of unimaginative policies which are excellent on paper but unworkable in the field. If I were today dealing with these unimaginative folk I should insist that they read Martha Gellhorn's "The Trouble I've Seen," as I used diffidently to suggest that they read Clinch Calkins' "Some Folks Won't Work," a predecessor in this field. Even though anyone with the slightest understanding of the relief situation will agree that no story in Miss Gellhorn's book is typical, even of the area or the town in which its action is set, there is a human reality about all the stories. However untypical they may be, at the core of each there is a pattern of reality that is of wide enough significance to take them out of the class of the eccentric. There must be thousands of elderly women who have slipped by slow stages into utter destitution and have seen their children assume the characteristics of chronic no-goods as a result. Such women will recognize themselves in the story of Mrs. Maddison. Thousands of men who have, whether because of participation in a strike or for some less dramatic reason, awakened with surprise to the realization that they are chronic unemployment cases destined for an indefinite period on relief after years of independence, will recognize their story in that of Pete. And dozens of leaders of abortive strikes will see themselves in Pete's foil, Joe.

Miss Gellhorn has done well to bring these stories together between covers and to lavish on them a sympathy that engages the reader as a partisan of the unfortunates. If the book is taken up with the realization that here in some measure is a reflection of the reality behind the gross figure of 20,000,000 on relief (for that was the figure when Miss Gellhorn was in the field), the abominable cruelty, short-sightedness and general all-around social imbecility of those who defame the relief recipients *en masse* will be thoroughly exposed. C. HARTLEY GRATTAN.

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Experiment in Sociology

Create the Wealth, by William Beard. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 307 pages. $3.

"CREATE THE WEALTH" is an admirable summary of the preparatory work that has brought society to the point where a full use of productive facilities would provide an abundant living for all. Mr. Beard reviews the several aspects of efficiency—manual, mental and managerial—the potentialities of city and regional planning, and the methods by which many of the current technological and institutional wastes could be eliminated. He describes the various surveys of potential productivity and concludes that even the universally high living standard detailed by the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity is realizable. Finally he considers certain of the proposals designed to increase production and indicates their shortcomings. Since he brings to this material the conditioned detachment of the scientist and a broad general outlook, his selection of material and his weighing of factors are interesting and illuminating.

Then Mr. Beard makes a suggestion. It is the inevitable suggestion of the scientist, but its execution is a little more complicated than he seems to realize. "The experimental technique of the natural sciences provides us with a suitable alternative," he states, to "determination by mere argumentation. Experimentation is the court of last appeal, and its verdict is absolute."

Mr. Beard suggests "that the unemployed, and a large class of individuals who receive so little for their labors as to be virtually destitute" should be permitted and enabled to provide goods and services for themselves.

Such a procedure would not be a *scientific* experiment. In fact, there is no need for a scientific experiment in which all the factors but the one to be observed are carefully controlled, since it is not denied that a body of men working 300 days a year at the current degree of inefficiency, could produce more than a body of men working 200 days a year at the same degree of inefficiency. And approximately the latter ratio has prevailed in the United States these last years. What Mr. Beard is asking for is a sociological experiment. At present industry in the United States is part capitalist, part socialist. He wishes to extend the scope of socialism—now confined to water distribution, roads, elementary education, etc.—to include the provisioning of those receiving less than the median income or thereabouts.

Two observations may be pertinent. Such an expansion of socialized production would delimit the market for private enterprise. Mr. Beard assumes that it would not, that money paid out to people on relief comes out of the pockets of taxpayers today. But for the most part the purchasing power of the disemployed comes out of funds created by bankers against government I.O.U.'s, a kind of money commonly known as debt. It is the issuance and spending of this very money which has probably made possible the present production upturn.

Secondly, Mr. Beard does not seem to realize the extent of destitution. In 1929 the median family income consisted of $1,700. Presumably it is lower today. An economy caring for over 65,000,000 people would infringe considerably on the scope of private enterprise. Mr. Beard's suggestion, like Sinclair's Epic and Bingham's "Plan of Transition to a New Social Order through Production for Use" is essentially a *political* measure and will doubtless be accepted or rejected by the American people as such.

HAROLD LOEB.

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Fiction Round-Up

Moscow Skies, by Maurice Hindus. New York: Random House. $2.75.

"MOSCOW SKIES," if it achieved its objective, would be in a degree a book to end all books on Russia. The novel is set in the period of the first Five Year Plan and attempts to cover every significant trend in the life of that time.

As a vehicle to illustrate life in the Soviet Union the author uses The House, a sort of Soviet Grand Hotel. The House, formerly the mansion of a rich merchant in Moscow, is inhabited after the revolution by every type and every age of Soviet citizen: Pioneers, Young Communists, a Red Army man, a Bolshevik leader, workers, peasants, kulaks, Nepmen, intellectuals, scientists.

Bernhard Blackman, a young American of Russian lineage, leaves his small Middle Western town and goes to Russia as the correspondent of the local Prairie Beacon. In Moscow he takes a room in The House and there observes the whole stream of Russian life during the first Five Year Plan.

In many of the incidents of the book the warm humanity and ingenuousness of the Russian people is well portrayed: the girl who refuses to allow the militiamen to arrest her, and the ensuing argument earnestly taken up by passersby; the simple and direct justice of the people's courts; the picture of the social trials. The occasion of the Bolshevik leader, Belov, going to reorganize the great new textile plant, which has slumped tragically in spite of the most modern foreign machinery, is excellent.

But only a few pages are devoted to the epic of the textile plant and similar manifestations of new, far-reaching social changes, while the major part of the book is given to the physical and psychological sufferings of those who, for one reason or another, are disfranchised, and to a love affair between the American hero and a Russian woman. The sensibilities of the author seem more strongly impressed by the tragedies of the broken individuals of the old regime than by the achievements of the new; he understands the former better and portrays them more convincingly than the new people. One gathers that the artistic abilities of Mr. Hindus are more spurred by the withering leaf than the growing plant. Death outweighs life. Although there are passages of hope, of heroism, of accomplishment, the book as a whole leaves the reader with an impression of somberness and individual suffering.

"Moscow Skies" fails in its objective of portraying truly the Soviet scene not because the tragedy described is necessarily untrue in itself, but because it is untrue in proportion.

DAVID KINKEAD.

Ward Eight, by Joseph F. Dinneen. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

YEARS ago, when Lincoln Steffens was investigating American municipal politics for a series of muckraking articles, he found that the most successful of the ward and city bosses were hard-boiled realists with no illusions about even their own honesty. In "Ward Eight," Joseph Dinneen fills in the color and background for one of the characters sketched by Steffens. When young Dennis and Norah O'Flaherty arrive, steerage, from Ireland, they are met by one of Hughie Donnelly's men. The book, as novel, concerns itself with the life of Big Tim O'Flaherty, the son of Dennis and Norah, his wavering between the influence of the "better element" and Hughie; but it is

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Hughie, the boss, who dominates the imagination of the author and the memory of the reader. Hughie provides jobs for the masses of immigrants, finds them living quarters, determines the future of their offspring; in return he demands unquestioning obedience; he delivers the vote of the ward. If rebellion threatens in his ranks, Hughie gives them a lesson; he allows the opposition to win an election, and jobs become scarce.

The Irish immigrants take possession of Ward Eight, and the more prosperous citizens retreat to Beacon Hill, to the Back Bay. The Italians follow the Irish; Hughie's organization is flexible enough to control them all. A challenge to the boss's power: the "better element" comes into the ward through Ann Barrett's mission, and Tim, rebellious against Hughie for the time being, goes to college on the enemy's funds. But a wise man fights an enemy by making him his friend; Hughie talks to Tim like a father, makes him his aid, his heir, regretful only that Tim's youth is a bar to inheritance of his hold upon the ward. "They talk a lot today about youth being in the saddle, but take it from me, Tim, it's all hogwash. . . . Remember, the army is always young, but the officers and generals who tell the army what to do are old." The "better element" and the realist never meet, unfortunately for Ann rather than for Hughie; she might have learned much from him.

B. E. BETTINGER.

Now That April's Here and Other Stories, by Morley Callaghan. New York: Random House. $2.

MR. CALLAGHAN'S short stories make one think of an hour-glass that would let only one grain of sand drop every hour. It is not only a question of tempo, of slowing up, but of an emotional substance that we have almost forgotten: Mr. Callaghan describes living based on a deep-down security, at a time when one of the most deep and common feelings that people have is precisely that they are not safe. It is as if his characters—husbands and wives, waiters, lovers and young priests—were somehow protected from historical change and so could afford to hover endlessly over little shifts in feeling. There may be such people; or perhaps it is only the author himself who *feels* protected and so can deal with these fluctuations as if they represented entire lives. The result of this attitude is, of course, monotony—not because of repetition of theme or character, but because almost every story centers in the same kind of moment: the moment in which a small emotion turns into its opposite and trails off.

The causes are almost imperceptible. People quarrel over nothing, spring affects a young man's fancy, or a father discovers that his daughter is not sad. Always the characters end feeling "big with hope" or "soft and glowing" or "inexpressibly sad"—in "Lunch Counter" a waiter comes to "hate" his employers, but only through a little episode of so-called human interest—and these are all feelings in the same octave, the feelings that people can have when the real center of them has not been shaken. It is the range that the lazy-minded refer to as "domestic," and Mr. Callaghan has explored it with delicacy and with a stubborn ferreting out of the smallest gestures leading to impulse and sudden change of heart. But the range is narrow and depends for its validity on a precise relation to objective happenings. When it is too much prolonged or set apart it shades into sentimentality and silliness, as in "Rocking Chair," where a man's love for his dead wife takes on the proportions of the most maudlin affection of the mauve decade, and has not even the traditions of that time to give it substance.

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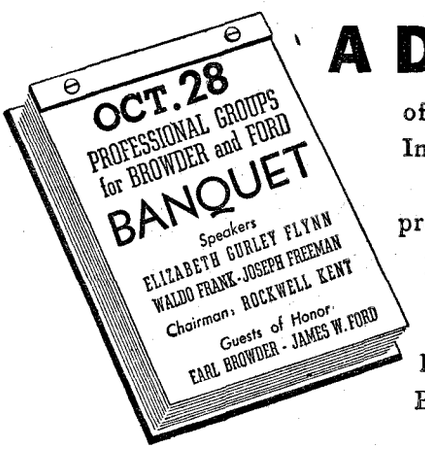

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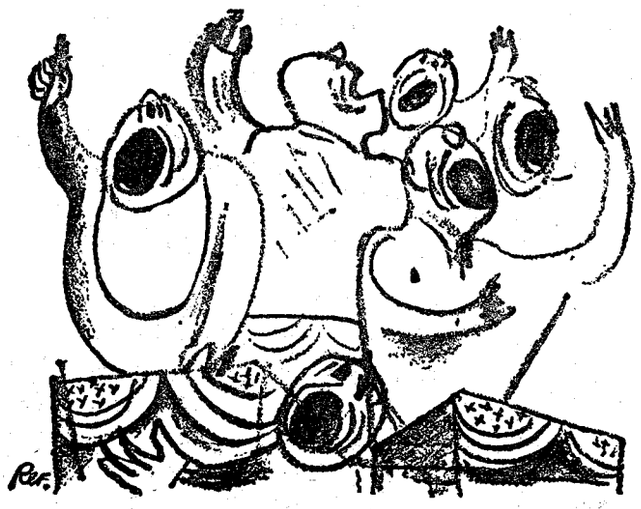

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The thinness of the material also has its inevitable effect on the quality of Mr. Callaghan's writing. He is forced to resort to tricks—such as the use of a meaningless black hat in the title story—and to fill out moments with a sort of rhythmic padding that can pass for "style" only because it rolls more or less serenely off the tongue. But that the author's talent can get on without such weaknesses, and the restriction that makes for them, is proved by at least one of the stories in this book, "The Two Fishermen." It is the one piece that is both sharp and well constructed, and it makes one regret that Mr. Callaghan should hide his light so often behind general tenderness, which can be far more false than the brutalized emotions portrayed by many of his contemporaries. ELEANOR CLARK.

Death Over San Silvestro, by Mike Teagle. New York: Hillman, Curl. $2.

IN THIS hard-boiled "It Can't Happen Here" of the detective-fiction lists, we have the bumping-off of a future head of the D.A.R., a Republican candidate for the presidency, and a reincarnated Hearst. The public, facing the polls, can't help suspecting that the Rooseveltian Democrats in office are somehow behind the slaughter of these string-pullers of the opposition, until Mike Teagle, the narrator and former bodyguard of the Lord of San Silvestro, uncovers an imminent fascist *Putsch* with one hand behind his back and the other pumping lead. This racy thriller has room for a sympathetically presented "girl with a cause" and some fairly good wisecracking aimed at the not-too-improbable reactionaries of the story, and though Mike is no anti-fascist hero—his only incentive is the fifty grand secretly pledged him by Tim (Jim Farley) Massey and the President—the book is probably the nearest thing to Marxist mystery-mongering the circulating-library patrons have had to date. CARLTON BROWN.

King Cole, by W. R. Burnett. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

BURNETT'S latest streamlined story of American life—suggesting itself for a lively curtain-raiser to "It Can't Happen Here"—marks the first attempt of this popular novelist to deal seriously with political problems. The private thoughts of widowed Read Cole, a "new kind of liberal Republican Governor" (of Ohio), are frequently clouded with misgivings over the stuffed-shirt expediencies dictated by the "interests" behind machine politics. But his patriotic reflexes, trained by six generations of pure (Scotch-Irish) American ancestry, reconcile his spiritual conflicts as he pulls "the smartest political play in many a year" and comes in by a nose—the working-class candidate stumbles over a red herring on the home stretch. That the story deals with political events is not to say that it is lacking in the rapid, melodramatic human interest of "Little Cæsar"—we learn, for example, what the Governor does with his evenings; how he saves his fiancée, the beautiful, neurotic daughter of his millionaire "boss," from the clutches of a slick Italian count; his children's scrapes. A prophetic note is sounded over the Governor's victory as he is congratulated by the defeated "seedy visionary": "Read Cole, the liberal! I might have known how you'd turn out. Liberalism is merely one face of capitalism, and its weakest. After liberalism comes Fascism. . . . You'll end up a Fascist." The working class never comes directly into view, but the ominous rumbling of its presence off stage is evidence that even our popular novelists have begun to puzzle about the insistent pressure of the working class on American political life. CALVIN FIXX.

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The African Witch, by Joyce Carey. New York: William Morrow and Company. $2.50.

ALADAI, a young Nigerian educated at Oxford, returned to Africa to establish his claim to the Emirate of Rimi. One of many claimants—Mohammedan, Pagan and Christian—Aladai's qualifications were of little avail against the imperialist, missionary and native interests that blocked his way. Intelligent and high-minded, eager to bring his people the best that Western civilization had taught him and to destroy the cruel, primitive magic so powerful among them, he was fighting against hopeless odds. The story of his battle and its inevitable and tragic failure is ably and sympathetically told. Mr. Carey handles the complexities of this story, the relation of his hero to the whites and to his own people, the situations precipitated in the lives of the white characters because of him, and their far-reaching consequences for the Nigerians, with sureness and subtlety.

MARTHA GRUENING.

Miss Strong's World

This Soviet World, by Anna Louise Strong. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 301 pages. $2.

SINCE her first visit to the Soviet Union, to aid in combatting the social dislocation and distress caused by the great famine, Miss Strong has followed the development of the country more continuously than any other American observer. Brought from the first into close contact with the people—peasants, factory workers, women, children—and later in association with those responsible for the direction of society and industry, she has been able to penetrate deeply into the situation. Her successive books have brought increasing evidence of the success of what Jane Addams called "the largest piece of conscious social laboratory experiment that history records."

"This Soviet World" deals with the status of that experiment today. It is divided into two parts, "Men Make the Soviet World" and "The Soviet World Makes Men." In the former she traces the progress toward democracy under the most skillful leadership the world has seen, under which a new economy has envisaged wealth and profit in human terms. In the second part she records the exploits of the men, women and children of many races in a world of their own. Perhaps no more timely instance of the results of a coöperative economy can be cited than the attack on the drought of 1934:

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ROBERT CANTWELL, whose articles and criticisms, have appeared in many magazines, is the author of two novels, "Laugh and Lie Down" and "The Land of Plenty."

MARYA ZATURENSKA is the author of a book of poems, "Threshold and Hearth." She was born in Kiev, Russia, and educated in New York Public Schools, Valparaiso University and the University of Wisconsin. She is the wife of Horace Gregory.

COREY FORD, humorist, parodist and traveler, is the author of several books, of which the latest is "In the Worst Possible Taste."

ROBERT FITZGERALD is the author of a volume of poems which was recently published by Arrow Editions.

ANDRE MALRAUX is internationally famous for his novel, "Man's Fate." His most recent book, "Days of Wrath," was published last spring by Random House.

MAURY MAVERICK is a congressman from Texas, a leader of the progressive group in the House of Representatives.

HAMILTON BASSO, author, among other books, of "Cinnamon Seed," will have a new novel, "Courthouse Square," published next week by Scribner's.

JOSEPHINE HERBST is working on her trilogy, of which the first two volumes, "Pity Is Not Enough" and "The Executioner Waits," have already been published. She lives on her farm in eastern Pennsylvania.

GRANVILLE HICKS, author of "The Great Tradition" and "John Reed," is now working on a book on English literature during the last half-century.

HERMAN SIMPSON was formerly an editor of the Socialist daily, The New York Call, and has been for many years a student of political theory.

MARTHA GRUENING writes extensively for the serious magazines, especially in the field of race relations.

FRANCES VALENSI is a free-lance editor and translator who has contributed articles and book reviews to various publications in America and Europe.

EDWARD BUCKMAN lives in Cobalt, Ontario. He has long been a student of van Gogh's life and painting.

JAMES DALY, who has worked in steel mills, taught school, directed and acted in the theatre and done ghost writing, has published his prose and poetry in various magazines.

ROBERT NEVILLE is a member of the staff of The New York Herald Tribune who was in Spain when the present rebellion broke out. His article, "Spain: Church Against Republic," appeared in The New Republic for September 16.

CONRAD AIKEN recently returned to this country after several years in England. His new book of poems, "Time in the Rock," has just been published by Scribner's.

HERBERT A. FIERST was graduated from Harvard College in 1935 and spent a year investigating coöperatives in Europe on a Sheldon Traveling Fellowship. He is now studying at the Yale Law School.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN will shortly depart for Australia on a grant from the Carnegie Corporation to travel and study for a book. His latest volume, "Preface to Chaos," a study of war in the modern world, will be published this month.

HAROLD LOEB served as director of the National Survey of Potential Product Capacity and is the author of "The Chart of Plenty," published by the Viking Press, and "Production for Use," published by Random House.

DAVID KINKEAD is the assistant secretary to the Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners.

B. E. BETTINGER is a member of the staff of The New Republic.

ELEANOR CLARK, a graduate of Vassar College, is a free-lance journalist.

CARLTON BROWN, a contributor to "The American Mercury," "Esquire," "The New Yorker" and other magazines, is at present working on a novel.

CALVIN FIXX has written short stories and book reviews for various magazines, and at present is on the staff of Time.

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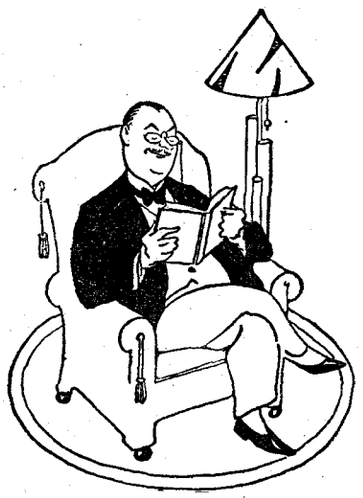

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